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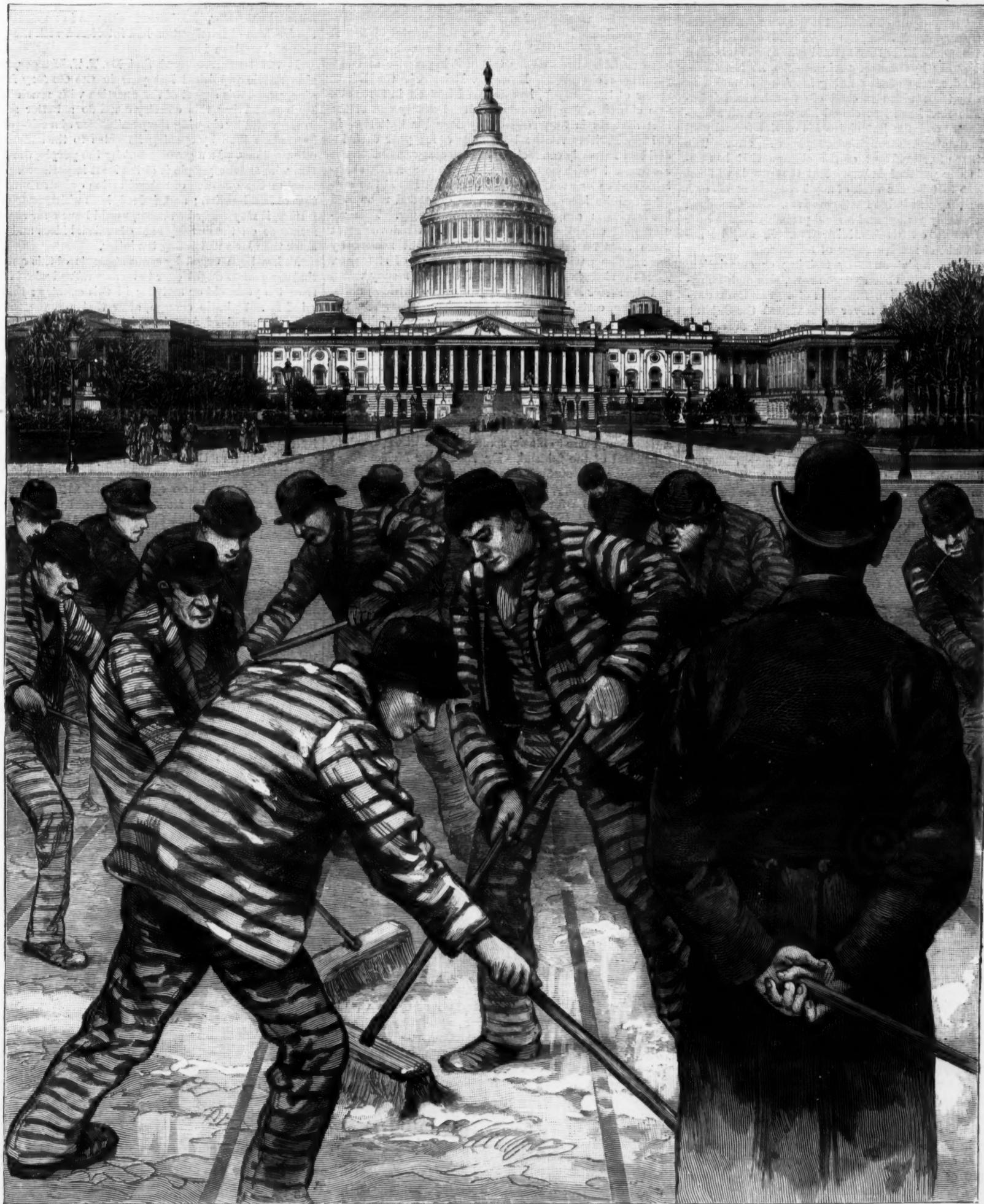
FRANK LESLIE'S
WEEKLY SIBYLLE
NEWSPAPER

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WASHINGTON, D. C.—PREPARING FOR THE INAUGURATION—WORK-HOUSE PRISONERS CLEANING EAST CAPITOL STREET.
FROM A SKETCH BY C. UPHAM.—SEE PAGE 43.

FRANK LESLIE'S
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.
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THE CLEVELAND ADMINISTRATION.

DURING the next week the twenty-first President of the United States will complete the twenty-fifth constitutional term of the office. Grover Cleveland will then stand to be judged by the people for what he has done and left undone in his Administration. He is entitled to a fair judgment, and he will receive it. Forty-eight years ago his predecessor, Martin Van Buren, left the office after a single term, to be succeeded by the grandfather of the President who will now succeed Mr. Cleveland. The temper and the manners of the people have much improved since that day. That was a time of bitter political animosities, and Mr. Van Buren on his retirement was assailed with vituperation which is now quite foreign to our public sentiment. He was not fairly judged. The outgoing President will now receive more candid treatment. Indeed, his opponents seem disposed to treat him more fairly than several of his most powerful friends. Stung by some of their attacks, he has taken the unusual course of vindicating his Administration in advance by the modern method of an authorized interview. The first President closed his career with a farewell address, and the last closes his official term by an appeal to the people through a newspaper reporter. The circumstance is significant of the change that has occurred in our political habits. But the people will not be content to take the work of any President at his own estimate; they will judge for themselves. Mr. Cleveland is comparatively young, and he will probably live to hear the final verdict on his Administration. It may be anticipated without much danger of mistake.

He was not a statesman by training or association. His political field had been very narrow, although he administered the executive functions of a great State during two years. He had never even visited the Capital, and had little knowledge of national men or measures. Yet the wide public belief in his honesty of purpose, which has never been changed, gave him great advantages. All his public utterances and pledges at the opening of his term conciliated popular favor and gave promise of a successful and useful Administration. The fact that he took pains to declare against a second term increased public confidence. His earnest avowals of a purpose to promote the reform of the Civil Service, and his almost ostentatious assertions of high political virtue, disarmed antagonists, and made the first half of his term, like the first term of James Monroe, "an era of good feeling."

But now that the term is over, the popular impression is very different, and the final verdict will probably be that his Administration has been a failure. It has certainly been marked by no signal service to his country in respect to home or foreign affairs. No great measure of public policy will date from the time of Grover Cleveland. He will never be in any sense a heroic figure or a popular leader associated with any important step in national progress. He exhibited no qualities which inspired enthusiasm, even in his followers. And while his enemies did not deem him selfish or politically dishonest, he never reached in the minds of the best of his friends the position of a sagacious and trusted party leader. That position must be gained by a President, or his Administration cannot be a success. It was not in Mr. Cleveland's nature or training to gain that point of statesmanship. Instead of distrusting himself for his want of experience, he repelled the aids which might have saved him, and assumed that he knew too much to need them. With these characteristics, the very virtue of stubborn honesty, so generally accorded to him, seemed to become an obstacle to his success.

For, after all, what has he done? Certainly his professions of zeal for Civil-service Reform, which gained him favor at the outset, have proved delusive. His Administration, as a whole, is a step backward in this respect. The Civil Service has not been elevated in character or augmented in efficiency. It remains for the Republican party to take up again this reform, which it originated, and it must regain ground lost during the last four years.

Nor is the situation any better as to the national finances. The country has been prosperous, it is true; but all advance has been upon the old lines. No measure of essential importance can be ascribed to the sagacity of Mr. Cleveland or his advisers. And in many directions, and especially in the matter of scattering the surplus widely among national banks, the new Administration will find much to correct and undo in the work of the last four years.

In respect to our foreign relations, the Administration has been a signal failure. While no serious complications have occurred, its course in the matter of the Fisheries Treaty, in the Sackville incident, and the Samoa difficulty, has created wide dissatisfaction among Democrats, and even old enemies of Mr. Blaine will be glad to see him take the place of Mr. Bayard.

In the matter of the tariff, Mr. Cleveland took and stubbornly maintained a position upon which he could not even rally his friends, and staked the fortunes of his party upon it. He failed, and carried his party down

with him. They are ascribing their loss of power after such brief tenure to his obstinacy and want of sagacity, while he retorts by a querulous letter to the Tariff Reform League complaining of the triumph of "specious theories cunningly contrived, and falsely offering relief to the people."

On the whole, it must be said that the last Administration of the first century of the Government has been barren of results, and will prove insignificant in the summing up of our history for the Centennial in April. The Republican party, entering upon its work again at the opening of the new century, will have a clear field and definite aims. It will certainly not suffer by comparison with the Administration which interrupted its long career.

SOME PRACTICAL CHURCH QUESTIONS.

THERE are two sides to a controversy like that excited by the "business-like" talk of the superintendent of St. Thomas's Church. It is not the doctrine of Christ that church-seats should be, like opera-boxes, accessible only to the wealthy, nor is it reasonable that regular worshipers and contributors should be crowded out of their pews by the merely curious, drawn by music or fashionable prestige. Nevertheless, the fundamental idea that the gospel is free to all is not to be ignored, and there have certainly been efforts to put it in practice at many prominent churches. Rev. Mr. Rainsford, the liberal rector of St. George's, has declared himself in favor of a free church and pews open to all. Possibly one of the best systems is that adopted by Rev. Dr. Satterlee, in Calvary Parish. At the beginning of the year each individual regularly connected with the congregation names the amount which he will pay for parish expenses, charitable and other work. Thus the church has at the outset a definite income which can be depended upon, and the expenses can be regulated accordingly. This removes all consideration of pew-rents. Whatever room there may be in the church beyond that needed by the regular parishioners is at the service of strangers. Thus the sittings are not controlled by their money value, and the rector is left free to appeal to the outside public. This plan, certainly, deserves imitation. Elsewhere the free-seat and envelope system is used successfully; indeed, at St. George's nearly all the church expenses are met by this system. This is democratic and sensible, and such plans tend to secure strangers a welcome.

Another sensible plan has been proposed for the second service of the day. It is always found that a second sermon of the regulation kind draws a comparatively small number of hearers. Some preachers resort to sensationalism, some to music, some are content to preach to a handful of the faithful. Dr. Alexander McKenzie, of Cambridge, has studied this question under the eaves of Harvard University, and his conclusion is that the second service must be for instruction, and to a very carefully guarded extent for entertainment, provided those who conduct it thoroughly respect its sacred character. This second service permits a broader and more comprehensive treatment of humanity. There are the crowds of unattached people who are to be reached. In some cities they are kept from harmful courses by the attractions of free reading-rooms. But sensible clergymen are realizing that the Churches must meet the needs of people at large, and convince them of a sincere interest in their welfare, and of a feeling of responsibility on their account. The second Sunday service needs to be predominantly sympathetic, instead of a meal of doctrinal husks, and each clergyman must interpret the needs of the community in which he lives.

DEFEAT OF REVENUE LEGISLATION.

THE failure to pass any comprehensive measure of revenue reform, in the present Congress, is the fault wholly of Mr. Mills, of Texas, and his diminishing band of free-traders. Had the Senate Tariff Bill been allowed to come fairly and squarely before the House, it would undoubtedly have received a majority vote. But the Texas partisan seems to be closely imitating his illustrious predecessor, the horizontal partisan of Illinois. For it will be remembered that when Mr. Morrison failed to secure the passage of his own absurd horizontal measure, he refused to permit Mr. Hewitt's Customs Bill to become a law, although the latter was favored by an almost unanimous public sentiment. To say that the Texas politician is equally blind and alike narrow-minded is to place him where he has placed himself. Having refused a hearing to the Senate Bill, Mr. Mills is now straining his energies to compass the defeat of the Randall-Cowles Bill, which cuts down the taxes on tobacco about \$30,000,000. In this latter ill-advised scheme he may fail, but failure will not teach him wisdom. It is becoming every hour more and more apparent that unless able men like Mr. Randall, Mr. Cox and Mr. Bourke Cockrane take the lead, the Democratic party will blunder into a course of action in the House more fatal than their defeat of November. A crusade against American capital and American labor, which has ended in disaster, will ultimately end in ignominious disgrace. The only possible legislation that the Fifty-first Congress can accomplish, as matters now stand, will be the passage of the Cowles Tobacco Bill, which Mr. Randall and about seventy Democrats unqualifiedly favor. This is a partial measure of surplus reduction which the Republicans can consistently vote

for. As to the Bills of the two Breckinridges, the McMillin Bill, the second Ways and Means Bill and the Senate Bill, these may be deemed dead so far as the sitting Congress is concerned. It would be strange, indeed, if the Democratic House, after six years of trial and tribulation, could not pass a Bill reducing the internal revenue taxes on domestic tobacco. And yet Thomas Jefferson, whom modern Democrats profess to follow, opposed and denounced excise and internal taxes of every description.

AN EVER-PRESENT PROBLEM.

THE Nineteenth Century Club, at its meeting last week, had something of value to say on the subject of immigration. The principal speaker was Professor Richmond Smith, of Columbia School of Political Science, who reminded the audience that the true principle of social science is not economic, but ethical, and that a purely prudential view of the immigration question is as unsound as a view which is purely sentimental. The question is not so much what effect is immigration producing upon the labor problem, as how it is influencing the development of American ideas and of the American national character. Professor Smith was in no doubt that the freedom of immigration had interfered with the progress of American ideas.

It will be remembered that Dr. T. T. Munger, in an able article published last year in the *Century Magazine*, urged this aspect of the question with much force. He believed that this country could do a better service to the world by showing the possibilities of a self-governing nation than by opening its gates to the suffering of other nations. In a government by the people, the question who are the people is of the least importance. This touches the question of naturalization quite as much as that of immigration; and, indeed, laws which restrict the former, it may easily be shown, would have a far stronger influence on the development of national ideas and character than laws restricting the latter.

It has been urged by some students of this question that no person ought ever to be naturalized who is more than ten years old on arriving in this country: that his mind is not plastic enough, after that age, perfectly to take the mold of American institutions. Whether so sweeping a measure as this is advisable or not, there are no two intelligent opinions as to the necessity of an extension of the time necessary to fit an immigrant for naturalization. It may be that the twenty-one years insisted upon by many students of sociology is unnecessarily long, yet it must be remembered that it is not a question of how soon the more intelligent, but how soon the least intelligent, may be fitted for citizenship. The weakest point determines the strength here, as in every other case.

And there can be no question that many of the most valuable immigrants, from an industrial point of view, are the most dangerous from the point of view of citizenship, because they bring with them a false morality and false standards of social relations. The Italians, Hungarians and Chinese are, in certain departments, the very best of laborers—industrious, faithful and economical. Their value to labor agitators is small, to labor employers great; but as powers in government, it will be long before they can be trusted.

PHOTOGRAPHING THE HEAVENS.

THE proposal now before Congress to appropriate \$50,000 for the purchase of a photographic telescope and pointer, the construction of a building, domes and mountings for the same, and for the necessary material for photographic work, should command general approval. Its specific purpose is to enable the Naval Observatory to take part in the proposed international project of charting the heavens by photographic process. The movement originated at the Astro-Photographic Congress—at which our Government was represented—held in Paris some two years ago, and where it was decided that such a mapping-out of the sky should be begun at the earliest practicable moment. Germany, Brazil, Chili, Great Britain, Mexico, Spain and the Argentine Republic have each one instrument in process of construction; France has one already completed, and three others that are still unfinished, while far-off Australia—most fortunately located for stellar observation—has two under way.

Nor will photographic reproductions of the heavenly bodies be any novelty on this side the Atlantic. In fact, almost all that has been done in this particular domain of science has been done here, so that America is now styled by foreigners "the home of astronomical photography." While the first valuable result was obtained by Bond in 1857, and was followed by the remarkable star chart of Henry Brothers in France, and by others, it remained for our own Professor Pickering to eclipse all previous achievements by his extraordinary pictures of stellar spectra. Thus, within the memory of most of us, astronomical science, that once went but little beyond recording the facts connected with the motions of the heavenly bodies and their relative positions, now, through the tremendous advances made in chemistry and kindred arts, includes investigations into the organic constitution of the planets and the condition of the matter of which they are composed, together with their spectra, temperature and brilliancy.

The object of the present international movement is to obtain charts of the seventy odd millions of stars that can be seen through the telescopes. Photography will expedite the work, and, moreover, by eliminating the personal equation, render it absolutely perfect. What will be the final result of this grand undertaking can be assumed from what has been already accomplished. Thousands of celestial phenomena, utterly unsuspected before, have been revealed to the unblinking eye of the camera, and well-known objects, like the Pleiades and the Band of Orion, have been taken on new forms. Thus a photograph of the former group, taken at the Paris Observatory, discloses a *nebula* in the form of a long and straight narrow streak, on which six or seven stars are set.

Assuming that the parallax of this object is half a second of an arc, it has been shown that the length of this nebulous pathway, leading from sun to sun, cannot be less than five hundred thousand millions of miles, and that the distance between the two nearest of the stars thus united is more than four hundred times as great as that which separates our sun from the earth. Again, a photograph of the great *nebula* in Andromeda, taken in Liverpool, proves that what has hitherto seemed to be a shapeless mass, dotted over with stars, is, in reality, a huge central mass, encircled by ring within ring, and strongly elliptical in its outline—thus confirming the Laplace nebular theory of the origin of solar systems.

When it is remembered that photographic photometry is as yet in its infancy, and what results have already been achieved, it is to be hoped that Congress will not hesitate to vote the paltry amount demanded in order that this country may take her proper place in this great international work of astronomical research.

THE DANGER IN BRICKS AND MORTAR.

THE lesson of two disasters reported during last week is not new, but it should be emphasized as it deserves. The tenth floor of a fourteen-story business edifice in process of erection at Chicago fell on Sunday, and carried everything below it to the cellar, leaving the walls and upper floors in position. In this crash there was, fortunately, no loss of life; but the next morning a hotel in Hartford was wrecked, probably by an explosion of the boiler—although it does not seem certain whether building or boiler first collapsed—and some twenty-three people were killed outright, or slowly tortured to death amid the ruins. The building was not a very high one, but it is plain that it was shabbily constructed, and there can be no doubt that the loss of life was largely, if not altogether, due to this fact. With all parts sufficiently strong, even a boiler explosion would hardly reduce the whole edifice to a mass of rubbish. The Chicago building was a very expensive one, of a class which has become numerous in that great Western city. It does not yet appear where the responsibility lies, but it goes without saying that only shockingly bad construction can cause a building to fall from its own weight.

Every great city in the country is now putting up more or less of these enormous structures, in which the occupants are so multiplied that a disaster imperils hundreds of lives. They can be made safe with certainty, but to do so involves both money and skill. The architect must be also a civil engineer; the constructing of a building a dozen stories high requires calculation of strength of materials and weights only less than does that of a great bridge. New York had a shocking experience in this matter of bad construction only a short time ago, with the notorious Buddensiek, and this and every other large city has buildings still standing, and in use, which are known to be defective. There appears to be no adequate remedy in the case except municipal inspection, and that of a kind, it is within bounds to say, more rigid and exacting than is now known in this country. The passenger-elevator has brought a new era in city building, and new and great dangers. It is high time that the case was met by new and efficient safeguards.

INTERNATIONAL JUNKETING.

SINCE diplomacy became an institution, no such absurd scheme has ever been proposed for the settlement of international differences as that now being urged upon Congress by Representative Butterworth and Senator Morgan. These gentlemen think they can effect by a programme of junketing what Mr. Joseph Chamberlain and Secretary Bayard have failed to accomplish by months of negotiation and treaty-making. The plan they propose is to have all the Premiers, Cabinet Ministers and Members of Parliament of the several Provinces of Canada come on a visit to the United States, and to give them good eating and drinking while they remain, the whole business to cost us \$200,000. This is the specific sum Senator Morgan asks for. We hardly think it would be sufficient for the purpose specified. To dine and wine and lodge several hundred gentlemen in first-class fashion for several weeks, to say nothing of trips throughout the country to see the "ights," would, we fancy, take far more money. It would not do, of course, to treat such visitors to the ordinary fare of plain American citizens. As state guests we should have to receive and entertain them in princely style. There would have to be big dinners and receptions every day, in which not only the visitors, but large numbers of our "best families," including the "Committee of seventy-five members of the House and Senate," proposed by Mr. Butterworth, would be participants. We do not, however, desire to dwell upon the question of cost. If a few hundred thousand dollars spent in guzzling could straighten out things between us and our neighbors across the border, it might perhaps be a good enough investment. But, of course, it would do nothing of the kind. The Canadians who have been making fortunes by their outrageous treatment of our fishermen are not likely to be persuaded into an honest frame of mind by grand dinners to their Parliamentary representatives. The difficulty with Canada can be settled, not by a policy of junket, but by resolute action at Washington. One letter couched in proper terms from our Secretary of State to the British Foreign Office would end the trouble. No such letter has yet been written. We may probably hear of something of the sort in a reasonable time after March 4th.

A HARD CASE.

A ST. LOUIS woman killed herself a few days ago because she had always cherished longings to be "a poet and an author," and all her efforts had failed to make her writings acceptable to the public. Not to be read was more than she could endure, and so she died. Undoubtedly, the poor woman lacked judgment, but the reflection comes too late to help her. With a little more staying power she might even now be at work, putting together verses neither better nor worse than many of those that afflict the soul of the thoughtful reader, when he takes up a new book.

Nature has very cruel ways. Of a hundred emotional creatures that mistake their sensitiveness for a high gift, and think they are poets because poetry touches them, Nature overburdened one, like this St. Louis woman, and she goes into silence, while the rest persist in living and in twanging their accordions to the misery of mankind. Who, besides Nature, is responsible for these things? Injudicious friends, perhaps, and foolish parents, in the first place; but, above all, the individual himself. No man, or woman, can put a burden of personal responsibility on the shoulders of another. A certain dose of common-sense is within the reach of every one, with or without early training. It is a misfortune not to have been well educated, but it is a far greater misfortune to cry and to dream away life in a fool's paradise. If you have something to say and people will not hear you, you need not sit down and moan. Go and read something that will do you good, or study, or do or make some useful thing with your hands and your mind. If you can do no better, go off and walk in the open air.

In these overambitious persons who want to teach men and to leave great names by some kind of performance, never quite clear to their own minds, there is nearly always a tendency to indulge in morbid introspection and to analyze feelings caused, much more than half the time, by a defective circulation and habitual neglect of the laws of health. The cases are always hard to deal with, for the patient conceives himself to be of a superior type, and will take no advice of the right kind from a sensible friend, if he has one; and so he fritters away his life in acts of homage to his absurdly unreal self.

It is not improbable that the habit of estimating performance by the noise made about it has some effect in multiplying the number of these victims of vanity; but for this there is no help. The world is as it is; the public gives and withholds, according to its whim, and those who cannot live without the sound of applause must meet their doom as they may.

IF President Cleveland has done nothing else to signalize his Administration, his approval, last week, of the Nicaragua Canal Bill will give him a title to remembrance. This may well prove to be the one measure of national importance passed in the years 1885-1889. If the canal is made, it means the revival and the development of a great American marine, and every one who has contributed his aid to the good work will be thought to have deserved well of his country.

THE eviction of a few tenants on Herbert Gladstone's estate at Hawarden has been seized upon by the British Tories and Unionists as a ground for a charge of inconsistency against the Liberal leader. But the English and Irish cases are entirely dissimilar. In England a landlord erects and keeps in order the farm buildings and fences. In Ireland, as a rule, the improvements are the result of the unprotected labor of the tenants who have been charged increasing rents on additions made by their own industry to the value of the farm—additions often consisting of the reclamation of undrained bogs or moors. Unionist speakers sometimes point to evictions in New York, conducted without resistance, as an illustration of Irish unreason in objecting to evictions at home. But the same rule holds. The Irish farmer, usually, has created a large share of the property from which he is evicted.

FOUR Democratic members of the lower branch of the Arkansas Legislature, who, it is charged, held their seats as the result of fraud and the virtual disfranchisement of the voters of six townships, last week resigned in favor of their Republican contestants, who were at once admitted to their places. The incident is certainly significant as marking the growing unpopularity of dishonest election methods at the South, and the increasing power of sound public opinion in enforcing the demands of justice. This action of the Democratic legislators in Arkansas is in striking and honorable contrast with the course of the Democratic majority in Congress in steadily voting to keep in their seats Representatives who, like Mr. Elliott, of South Carolina, have obtained their certificates at the expense of every principle of justice and fair play.

THE investigation of the sale of privileges in the new West Washington Market showed that while certain Jerseymen had been denied privileges because they were Jerseymen, others had secured stalls. It was shown that a bribe of fifty dollars had been extorted from a marketman by a man officially connected with the finance department of the city. This exposure was very largely due to the efforts of Mr. Delancey Nicoll, and the prospects for a thorough exposure and punishment of the rascality were excellent. Nevertheless, Comptroller Myers, whether consciously or not, did the one thing most effective in blocking the investigation. He inflicted the heaviest punishment possible upon the witness who exposed this crime, and thus deterred others from testifying. Thereupon Mr. Nicoll withdrew from the case, on the ground that the Comptroller's action had rendered its further prosecution impossible. This looks like a bad business. Mr. Myers cannot afford to put himself in such a position, nor can the public afford to let a scandal of this sort be hushed up and condoned.

THE Bill providing for the admission as States of the Territories of North and South Dakota, Washington and Montana having passed both Houses of Congress, and received the President's approval, these Territories will in all probability be represented by Senators and Representatives in the first regular session of the Fifty-first Congress. Two important results will follow the creation of these States. The strength of the Republican party in Congress will be largely increased, and the weight and influence of Western ideas and interests in and upon national legislation will be greatly augmented. Their votes will be given solidly for the maintenance of the principle of protection, and as to this one question of supreme importance their voice will, for years to come, be practically determinative. In another respect the elevation of these Territories to the dignities of Statehood will have a peculiar significance. Lying along the Canadian and British Columbian frontier all the way to the Pacific, their interest in questions of international traffic and communication will be very great, and this may lead to important modifications of the economic and political relations now existing between ourselves and the populations of the British North-west.

IN every country which has the right of suffrage it is understood that the permanence of the political institutions depends upon the purity of the ballot. This is a truism, and yet it is one which even American statesmen seem in danger of forgetting. Both parties are equally interested in preventing or punishing crimes against the suffrage. Neither party as a party is guiltless, for if the Democrats have practiced intimidation, bribery has been charged against Republicans. This is not a question of politics, but of the national welfare, even of the existence of the Republic. Yet at Washington we have seen the subject of election frauds treated on a purely partisan basis. No doubt a practical politician like Senator Chandler hoped for some partisan gain from his proposed investigation of the Louisiana elections; but it was still the duty of Democrats to aid the punishment of fraud, and there could be no possible excuse for their unwillingness to accept the amended Hoar resolution calling for investigations in every State. The spectacle of a Senator of the United States objecting to an inquiry into frauds upon the ballot, with a view of vindicating the purity of elections, is not, to say the least of it, an inspiring one.

THE English rule of foreign conquest seems to be, money first, civilization later, perhaps, but money in any case. The English war with China was founded upon the profits of the opium trade; the Boers of South Africa were driven from their land by English greed; and the East India Company drained India of its wealth for generations. Now an English Member of Parliament, Mr. Crane, gives a harrowing account of opium dens in Lucknow and other

Indian cities. In Lucknow alone there are 90 distilleries of native spirits, 201 liquor-shops, 24 opium-shops, and 92 for bhang and other intoxicating drugs. Out of this the English Government obtains a handsome profit. The annual receipts of the Government of the North-west Province and Oude from opium, bhang, etc., are no less than \$335,000, and are steadily increasing. The receipts show a doubling of consumption within ten years. "Every day," says Mr. Crane, "brings proof that the Government is stimulating the sale of intoxicants to the very verge of decency, for the sake of the cheaply collected and rapidly increasing revenue. Never have I seen such horrible destruction of God's image as I saw in the 'Government' opium-dens of Lucknow." It is long since so terrible an indictment has been brought against a Christian country.

PRESIDENT CARNOT has met with great difficulties in forming a new Ministry, but not greater than those which beset all constitutional governments. The Czar and the German Emperor have none of these embarrassments, but England and France will never be free from them, since there will always be differences of opinion and of policy in countries where men have a higher aim in life than mere obedience to the decree of a master. The President's idea of forming a Senatorial Ministry was a really luminous one, and showed that he possessed not only the steadiness and the reticence of his grandfather, but an original political intelligence. The support of M. de Freycinet was also a piece of good fortune. M. Meline, who undertook the task of constituting a Ministry, failed in his efforts, but President Carnot, within twenty-four hours after, signed a decree appointing a Cabinet with M. Tirard as Premier, and M. de Freycinet as Minister of War. Three of the new Ministers, Messrs. Tirard, Faye, Minister of Agriculture, and Faillières, Minister of Education, sat in the first Cabinet under M. Carnot, but the most distinguished man among them is the Minister of Marine, Admiral Jaurès, a most gallant and accomplished officer, who has seen a great deal of active service.

AFTER dragging on for months in a monotonous and uninteresting fashion, the Parnell Commission suddenly attracted to itself, last week, the general attention of mankind. Mr. Macdonald, the manager of the *Times*, admitted, under cross-examination, by the counsel for Parnell, that he had paid £2,530 to Houston, Secretary of the Irish Loyal and Patriotic Union, for letters said to have been written by Mr. Parnell; and this without knowing or apparently caring where the letters had been obtained. Houston's assurance that he was bound to secrecy satisfied Mr. Macdonald, whose only desire was to obtain evidence that harmonized with his own partisan views. The testimony showed that the letters had first been supplied by Pigott, a former editor of a paper called the *Irishman*, and it was further brought out by the cross-examination that, after Houston and Pigott had been subpoenaed, they destroyed the letters they had written to each other relating to the case. Of these three witnesses, Macdonald certainly deserves the palm for imbecility. That the manager of a great paper should be unscrupulous is, unhappily, a thing not unknown, but that he should be foolish enough to pay \$12,000 for letters of which he was not allowed to know anything would be beyond belief if it were not on record. The case is made all the worse for the *Times* by the disclosure that Pigott is a thorough-paced scoundrel who had attempted to blackmail certain of the Home Rule leaders, and who up to a recent date was negotiating with one of Mr. Parnell's friends who sought to test his integrity. It is hardly surprising, in view of all the facts in the case, that a suspicion should exist that the letters are forged.

A TOUCHING appeal comes from China for assistance in the work of rescuing over 500,000 of the natives from starvation. It appears that for a distance of over three hundred miles along the valley of the Yang-tee, and for about one hundred and fifty miles inland, the drought of last year has caused an entire failure of the crops; while to the north-west the districts of Fengyang, Yingbow and Lsichow, in Anhui, have been flooded by the waters of the terrible Yellow River, and the people driven from their homes. The Chinese authorities, being utterly unable to cope with this tidal wave of disaster, have appealed to the foreign residents of Shanghai, and a committee of eight of the latter, with eight natives, has been formed in that city. In answer to telegrams, the Lord Mayor of London has opened a subscription, and several leading merchants of New York have organized a movement to relieve the sufferers. The latter only need enough food to tide over the next few months until the new crops are harvested, and, as is well known, the average Chinaman can live upon very little. The action of the Shanghai authorities is all the more noticeable from the fact that it is the first instance in which the Chinese have joined with those of other nationalities in the furtherance of such an object. In 1878, on a similar occasion, they assisted in the distribution of funds furnished by the Foreign Committee, but took no part in their collection. It is to be hoped that such united action will have a tendency to overcome the "Celestial" repugnance to the "foreign devils," who are considered good enough to trade with, within certain circumscribed limits, but who seem to be still ostracized so far as social intercourse is concerned. Public opinion and practice in China and Japan are in this respect curiously diverse.

SINCE the Mamelukes made a home-run in the shadow of the Pyramids, these ancient piles have seen nothing to compare with the great American game of base-ball. Forty centuries looked down upon Napoleon from the summits of the Pyramids, and the forty-first century joined the others in not merely looking, but staring, at the curved pitching and three-baggers of Spalding's agile athletes. It was a great day for the continent which was undreamed of when the Pyramids were built. The Pharaohs were great in their way, but there was never a Pharaoh who could pitch a curve or slide for a base. If any of their mummies have been overlooked by generations of pillagers, they must have rattled in their cerements at seeing themselves outdone. The Sphinx may have guarded vast secrets, but American base-ball was a secret hidden even from the Sphinx. It was indeed a great day for America. Gérôme has painted Napoleon sitting motionless before the Sphinx. Somebody should have taken instantaneous photographs of the American baseball players plowing through the sands of Sahara, with the Sphinx in the background. Pompeii also has had a new chapter added to its history by the advent of the ball-tossers, who would probably have taken a contract to stop up Vesuvius and play a game in the crater, if sufficient inducements had been offered. Men who had stood in the way of "Baby" Anson when rushing for home base could afford to regard any ordinary burst of lava with equanimity. But instead of waking the dead of Pompeii, the game was played at Naples on the Campo di Marte, with Vesuvius and the Apennines as a background for the American game. At Rome, the Coliseum, it appears, was out of the question. But perhaps the series of anachronisms is fitly continued by a game on the grounds of the Villa Borghese. Antiquity, the classic and the mediæval worlds have been trodden beneath the feet of the stalwart American ball-players.

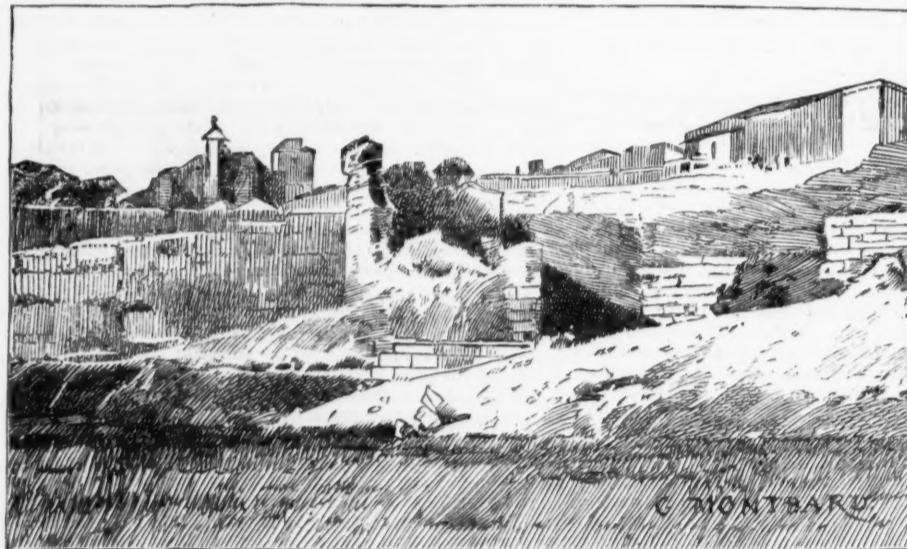
Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated Foreign Press.—See Page 43.



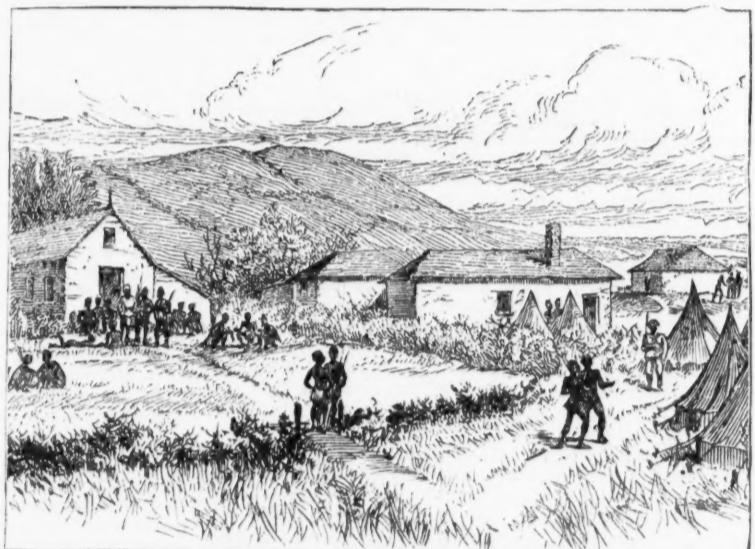
AUSTRIA.—THE ARCHDUCHESS STÉPHANIE, WIDOW OF THE LATE CROWN PRINCE RUDOLPH.



AUSTRIA.—MEYERLING CASTLE, SCENE OF THE CROWN PRINCE RUDOLPH'S MYSTERIOUS DEATH.



SPAIN.—ON THE ZAFRA AND HUELVA RAILWAY—RUINS OF ROMAN FORTRESS, NIEBLA.



SOUTH AFRICA.—COURT-HOUSE AND JAIL, SCENE OF THE TRIAL OF REBEL ZULU CHIEFS.



INDIA.—COMBAT OF ANIMALS AT JEYPOOR, FOR THE ENTERTAINMENT OF PRINCE ALEXANDER OF RUSSIA.



PENNSYLVANIA.—HON. JOHN C. GRADY, PRESIDENT OF THE STATE SENATE.
PHOTO BY GUTEKUNST. •

fifty yards in length, flowed faster than it was consumed. The flame was very red and hot, and rose sometimes twenty feet into the dense, dark smoke. The wind was strong in the east of south. The smoke rolled upward at an angle of about thirty degrees, curling beautifully, very dark and yet not black, but exceedingly dense and heavy, passing over slowly to the northward, making an impenetrable veil. It was a fascinating sight. Judging from the height of the people in the foreground and the altitude of the smoke, that cloud must have been several hundred feet high.

GENERAL GILMAN MARSTON,
UNITED STATES SENATOR FROM NEW HAMPSHIRE.

GENERAL GILMAN MARSTON, who has been appointed United States Senator from New Hampshire from March 4th until the Legislature holds an election in June, has been for forty years a conspicuous character in the politics of the Granite State, his political career having commenced in 1845, when he was chosen to the Legislature, being three times re-elected. In 1850 Mr. Marston was a Member of the Constitutional Convention, and in 1859 he was elected a Representative in Congress, serving two years. At the outbreak of the Rebellion he was appointed Colonel of the Second New Hampshire Regiment, and was promoted quickly to Brigadier-general. In 1865 he was elected for a second term in Congress. Since 1872 his services in the Legislature have been almost continuous, and he has been a leader on the Republican side. Whether he will command any considerable following for the Senatorship when the Legislature comes to elect is yet to be seen.

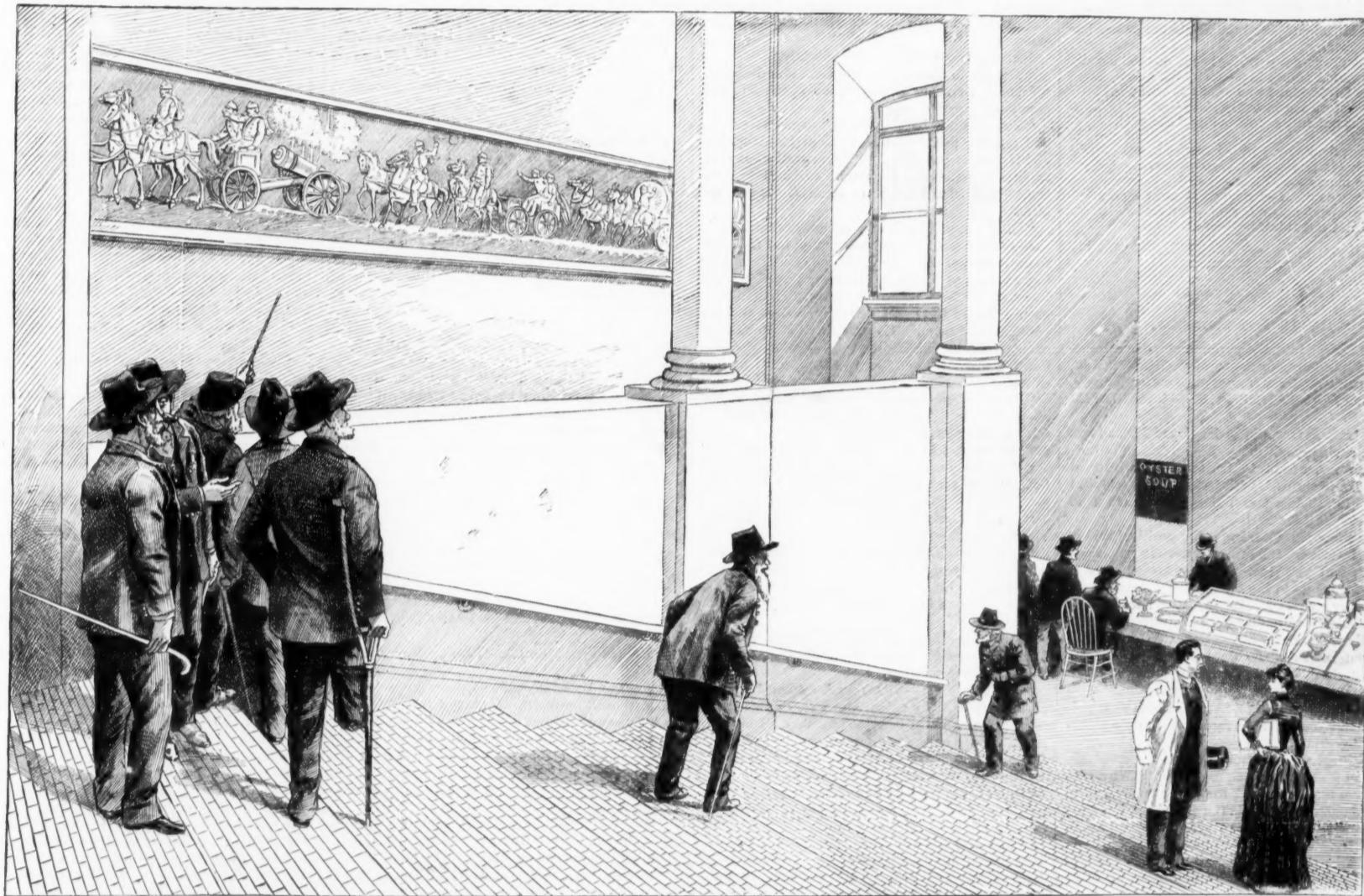
HON. JOHN C. GRADY,

PRESIDENT OF THE SENATE OF PENNSYLVANIA.

JOHN C. GRADY, recently elected President of the State Senate of Pennsylvania, was born at Eastport, Me., October 8th, 1847, but early removed to Philadelphia, and after due course of study was admitted, October 7th, 1871, to the Bar of that city, where he



NEW HAMPSHIRE.—HON. GILMAN MARSTON,
U. S. SENATOR.



WASHINGTON, D. C.—WAR VETERANS INSPECTING OBJECTS OF HISTORIC INTEREST ON THE GRAND STAIR-WAY OF THE PENSION BUILDING.
FROM A SKETCH BY C. UPHAM.—SEE PAGE 43.

BURNING OIL IN INDIANA.

IN 1888 an oil pipe-line was laid from Lima, O., to South Chicago, Ill. Recently, the residents of Crown Point, Ind., became aware, by the strong odor of crude petroleum, that a leak had happened near their city in this pipe-line. It was estimated that several gallons of oil escaped each second for some hours, until eight thousand barrels of crude petroleum had flooded about forty acres of land. The stench was fearful.

A telegram was sent to the oil-pumping station, and the flow was stopped. The workmen said it was the largest break they had ever repaired. An immense quantity of this oil was conducted to a ditch, some forty rods from the railroad and pipe-line, and set on fire the next morning.

It was about a mile from Crown Point, and the people flocked to view this magnificent spectacle. A stream of blazing oil, a hundred and



NEW YORK.—METHOD OF MIDWINTER TRAVEL ON THE UPPER HUDSON—THE EXPRESS STAGE BETWEEN HUDSON AND ATHENS.—SEE PAGE 43.

is actively engaged in the practice of the profession. He was elected to the State Senate in 1876 for a term of four years, during which time he was instrumental in securing many legislative reforms, such as Acts modifying the fee bills of public offices and reducing taxation. He was the author of the Act relating to the apprehension of fugitives from justice, which, becoming a law, cured long-standing evils arising from the absence of legislation upon the subject from the foundation of the Government to that time. In 1880 Mr. Grady was re-elected to the Senate without opposition, and at once became one of the Republican leaders of that body, and through his efforts alone arranged a settlement of the vexed question of the election of a United States Senator—part of the organization which held the balance of power having previously bolted the Republican caucus nomination. By his arrangement both of the contending candidates withdrew and joined in

the election of a new man to succeed the then Democratic incumbent. A little later in that year, there being a contest between the different factions for the appointment of a Surveyor for the Port of Philadelphia, President Garfield, to harmonize the matter, tendered the appointment to Mr. Grady, although his name had never been mentioned in connection with it. This offer he, however, declined, preferring to remain in the Senate, and the office remained vacant during the remainder of President Garfield's Administration. During the next year President Arthur tendered him a diplomatic appointment to South America. This, too, was declined, on the grounds that he did not wish to lose his practice in the law on the one hand, nor his political factorship on the other.

In 1884 he was again returned to the Senate, where he took a prominent part in the passage of the new charter for the City of Philadelphia, and at the last session he was chosen President of the Senate, which office he continued to hold at the present session of the Legislature, when he was again re-elected to preside. Previous to this he had been for six years selected Chairman of the Judiciary Committee, and had been appointed as a member of all special committees for the past twelve years.

He has now just entered upon his fourth term as Senator, which will afford him a legislative experience of sixteen years, in the event that he remains in the Senate until the close of his term, January 1st, 1893.

POUR PASSER LE TEMPS.

"TWAS only pour passer le temps," she said. "The place was frightfully stupid and tame, And when I'd finished 'The Quick or the Dead,' And wearied of tennis—that tiresome game—I counted the days and wished they were sped; I was awfully bored—just then, he came.

"Twas the same old story of idle hands, And Satan and mischief—that sort of thing. There were strolls by night on the moonlit sands, With all the charms such a strolly would bring—They need no description—one understands— And then an engagement—I wore his ring.

"Then old Brown," she said, as she smoothed her lace,

"Must needs get a whim in his ancient head That I wanted to see him—Ah! Jack's face, When I told him I was about to wed; It floats before me in every place. I ought not to have flirted so," she said.

"Ah, poor, dear boy, I pitied him so! I fancy his pining with keen regret. Going to marry that Violet Snow? It surely can't be—I wish we'd ne'er met. 'Twas only pour passer le temps, you know, But I did not think he'd so soon forget."

EDITH SESSIONS TUPPER.

PRO TEM.

BY H. S. FLEMING.

SELMA came into the parlor where Tom Cranston was lounging in a plush chair. "Well, I can't go," she remarked, rather crossly. "Why not?" queried Tom, rising to offer her his place.

"Oh, because it would be improper for us to go without a chaperon."

"I am not afraid to trust myself with you alone," Tom ventured, with but a faint attempt at humor. But Selma was too much disturbed to appreciate his effort.

"That chaperon craze is getting positively ridiculous," she cried. "You and I were in petticoats together, and yet, since we are grown up, papa will not let me go to the opera with you because I haven't any chaperon. He says a girl in my station cannot afford to disregard conventionalities; and while he has the highest regard for you"—here Tom bowed—"he does not mean that his daughter shall be less carefully guarded than other girls of the same family connection."

"That comes of being a 'Van,'" Tom remarked. "Why don't you leave the family and join a plain-er one?"

Selma laughed scornfully.

"A Van!" she exclaimed, derisively. "Why, that distinction is poor reward for being cooped up in this old house. Here it is the first week in January, and I haven't been to the theatre or opera this Winter. Of course I know that poor papa is not well enough to take me, and I certainly do not expect the Vans to drive down here from the Park and then bring me home again, and here I remain in my carefully guarded seclusion," she concluded, patting the rug impatiently with her foot.

As she did so Tom could not help noticing that Suede leather shoes were a dainty adjunct to a house toilet. He also became aware that Selma's eloquence was rouging her cheeks most becomingly. In fact, Tom found that he was giving a good deal of attention to Selma's appearance, and while the details of her toilet impressed him but vaguely, he paid a tribute to the partnership of a black net gown and a well-placed bunch of violets when he decided that Selma was looking unusually well this evening.

As he sat there noting her shimmering hair and the healthfully tinted oval of her face, shadowed by the dark fringes of her eyes, and touched with vivid crimson at the lips, Tom could not but wonder why their long friendship had never been leavened by sentiment; why the magnetism of love, or even its accredited symptom, flirtation, had been wholly absent from their intercourse.

"You should get married or be engaged," he remarked, judicially. "Perhaps an engagement holds more possibilities. Engaged girls have so many privileges."

Selma did not answer. She was gazing out of the window with a frown on her pretty face. Tom whistled softly and meditatively for a few minutes.

"Selma," he said, at last, "don't you think if we were engaged your father would let us go out together?"

She turned quickly from the window.

"What nonsense are you talking, Tom Cranston!" she exclaimed, half indignantly.

"I am not talking nonsense," declared Tom. "Here am I in New York with few acquaintances among the people I care to know, and with an ardent desire to make the most of your society and friendship. You are worn out in the attempt to enjoy me at home, and yet your father puts his veto on our going out together. Now, I might make a formal proposal for you—a sort of sealed bid, you know—and if you and your father did not reject any or all of my proposals, why, we could go to the theatre, ride or drive together, and have no end of a good time. Do you think your father would consider me favorably as a son-in-law?"

"Oh, I dare say," answered Selma, carelessly. "He has always doted on you."

Her tone nettled Tom a little.

"Of course," he went on, "we could keep the same good friends that we are now, and whenever you get tired of the arrangement you can throw me over. It would not be an unheard-of episode in the history of engagements."

"It is not a bad idea," reflected Selma.

"Bad!" exclaimed Tom, enthusiastically; "it is beautiful. The more I think of it, the better I like it."

"It might not prove as interesting as you imagine," responded Selma, a little haughtily.

"Oh, come now, Selma," pleaded Tom, "don't let us misunderstand each other. I know that you don't care a rap for me, and knowing that, I shall be a model of decorum."

"Noble self-restraint!" murmured Selma, scoffingly. "Heroic denial!"

"Anything for the success of the experiment," answered Tom.

"It seems so unprincipled to deceive poor papa so," began Selma.

"But we are not going to deceive him," cried Tom. "We won't have to make any protestations of affection, and we will really be engaged. Do you fancy," he added, mischievously, "that your father will think my passion a little sudden in development?"

Selma laughed, and colored slightly.

"The whole idea is too absurd," she declared. "I could never bring myself to speak to papa about it."

"You will not be obliged to," urged Tom. "I will ask his permission to address his daughter, and if that is granted, I will afterward announce to him your blushing consent to be mine (*pro tem.*)—that is, if I get your consent. May I ask him?"

"Oh, I suppose so," said Selma, hesitatingly.

At that moment a maid summoned her from the room to answer the telephone-call, and Tom, taking advantage of his permission, leaped up the stairs to Mr. Van Vechter's library. He had long been privileged to come unannounced to the old gentleman's room. He was invited to take a chair, and they talked about the election, the yellow fever, and the corner in wheat, until finally, after a short silence, Tom said:

"There is something I wish to speak to you about, Mr. Van Vechter. The truth is, I want to ask your permission to pay my addresses to Selma; in short, to make her an offer of marriage."

"Why, bless my soul!" exclaimed Mr. Van Vechter. "How very sudden! Selma, my little girl, get married! Why, she seems a mere child."

"She is nearly twenty-one, she tells me," returned Tom.

"Oh, yes; oh, yes," said the old man. "She will be twenty-one in June. She is almost a woman. But, Tom, my dear fellow, I don't know what to say. Do you fancy that she returns your—your attachment?"

"I am not sure until I ask her," answered Tom, feeling wretchedly guilty. "I think, however, that she suspects my purpose."

"Oh, I dare say—I dare say," returned the old gentleman, blithely; "girls are very quick to detect any evidence of genuine affection. I may say that I myself have not been unsuspicious of your feelings in the matter." Here Tom turned red.

"I keep my eyes open, if I am an old fellow—ha! ha! Well, my boy, try your luck, with my blessing, and don't feel too discouraged. I haven't studied my little girl for nothing."

Tom made his way down-stairs with a burning face and a stinging conscience. He was really fond of Mr. Van Vechter, and did not relish deceiving him. He found Selma waiting nervously in the parlor. As he entered, his face betrayed him.

"Tom Cranston," she exclaimed, "you haven't spoken to father already?"

"I have," admitted Tom.

"And he consents?"

"He consents."

"Well, I warn you to pursue the subject no further. I have changed my mind. I cannot deceive papa so."

"You don't mean that you are going to refuse me?"

"I hope you will not give me occasion to do so."

"But I shall," cried Tom; "and I hereby offer you my heart and hand, to have and to hold until you get tired of them. Don't you want to hold my hand, or my heart either, Selma?"

Selma ignored his flippancy.

"Now, do be a reasonable girl, and we will soon manage this theatre business," resumed Tom. "I am sure my father-in-law will let me take my fiancée to the opera."

"Perhaps," said Selma, doubtfully. "Of course he will first break the news to all the cousins and the aunts."

"Oh, well," returned Tom. "if you cannot endure the humiliation of having it known that you are engaged to an humble fellow like myself, that ends everything."

"If it was not for the congratulations, I think I could nerve myself to it," responded Selma; "but from the first moment it is known, my aunts and cousins will plan everything—my *trousseau*, my

house—and they will insist on knowing when I am to be married."

"Tell them a year from next June," responded Tom, promptly; "and when the time comes we can either quarrel or postpone the wedding."

Selma did not answer. She was thinking it over. The prospect of a little freedom was very inviting. At last Tom rose and leaned over the back of her chair.

"Don't take it so seriously," he said. "Regard it as a business arrangement, if you please, Selma, but say—oh, say you will be mine!"

Selma rose.

"Of course, Tom, if you are going to be ridiculous, we may as well stop before we begin," she declared.

But Tom assured her that he was not going to be any more ridiculous than the exigencies of his nature demanded, and it was finally agreed that he should report a favorable answer to her father.

The old gentleman was very ready to spread the news. Tom was a favorite of his, had excellent business prospects, and was in every way a creditable match for the daughter of a Van. He spent an entire afternoon in driving to the houses of his relatives and announcing his daughter's engagement; and the following day congratulations began to arrive, accompanied by the daintiest of tea-cups—according to the new-fashioned custom.

Selma told Tom that tea-cups were decidedly preferable to flowers, as they could be returned when the farce was over—a proceeding obviously impracticable in the case of flowers. Half a dozen young men who had been in the habit of calling on Selma came once, after the announcement, offered their hollow congratulations, and departed to return no more.

Selma did not miss them much, although to Tom she pretended to be desolate. She found him a singularly unsympathetic listener, however, for he was in no way disposed to quarrel with his exclusive privileges. Indeed, after Tom had enjoyed them for several weeks, he was inclined to resent the presence of Arthur Pursell, whom he found, one evening, cozily ensconced in his favorite seat.

"Hello, Pursell! when did you get back from Dakota?" he exclaimed, as he entered the room.

"Yesterday; and glad enough I am to return to New York. 'The Great West' is well enough for those who like it, but I would give more for one walk down Broadway than for a six-mile ride over my own ranch—if I owned one. I am back to stay this time."

It occurred to Tom that Pursell had lost no time in calling upon Selma. He remembered that the young man used to be a frequent visitor at the Van Vechters' before he went West, and also that at that time he was known to be a trifle "gay." However, his mother had been a school-mate of Mrs. Van Vechter, so that fact might account for his intimacy in the household.

Tom did not give the matter serious attention until two nights later, when he again found Pursell calling on Selma; and as the same thing occurred several times during a fortnight, he was thinking of exercising his acknowledged position by remonstrating with Selma, when something happened which changed his mind.

One night, as he was passing an up-town club on his way home, Pursell came out of the door-way, evidently much the worse for liquor. Tom hastened to him and urged him to take a cab and go home, but Pursell would not heed him. He agreed, however, to walk up the street with him, and taking Tom's arm, the two strolled on together. Pursell was very talkative, and finally said:

"I have just heard of your engagement, Cranston, and I suppose I must congratulate you. It's just another instance of how I am always knocked out."

"Knocked out!" exclaimed Tom. "What do you mean?"

"I mean that I myself had some hope in that quarter until to-night. I always thought Selma had a leaning toward me. We kept up a brisk correspondence while I was in the West."

Tom did not answer. He felt exceedingly disturbed. Perhaps Selma did care for Pursell. At any rate, he was pretty sure that she did not care for himself.

"Let us go in here and get something to warm us up," said Pursell, turning toward a fashionable hotel they were passing.

"No, no," remonstrated Tom. "You must get home as soon as possible. You have been drinking too much already, Pursell. You ought to take better care of yourself."

"Yes, I know it," answered Pursell, moodily; "but when a man travels a thousand or more miles expecting to take the dearest girl in New York in his arms and tell her he adores her, he is apt to grow pretty reckless when he finds an old friend filling his intended rôle."

Tom was very uncomfortable. Of course he could not tell Pursell that he was far from filling the rôle ascribed to him; that he had never taken Selma in his arms either before or after asking her to marry him, and wasn't at all likely to have that privilege in the future. Of course he couldn't tell him that he had never so much as kissed Selma's finger-tips, notwithstanding his recent growing wish to do so. When he had left his companion at his own door-way, the thoughts aroused by Pursell's words remained with him, and even followed him to his own rooms, where he sat for an hour or two over a meditative cigar. He had often of late questioned himself whether he was not becoming in love with Selma, but until to-night the sphinx within his heart had returned no answer. The presence of a rival in the field made further inquiries unnecessary.

The next evening he and Selma had been out together to visit a friend in the neighborhood. As they neared Washington Square, the moonlight was flooding every part of the prosy old park.

"How beautiful it all is!" said Selma, quietly.

"Yes," answered Tom; "such nights make life easier."

"Life is always easy to me," responded Selma.

"But somehow—to-night—it is a privilege."

"I am glad you find it so," said Tom, looking down at her pure profile.

"Aren't you satisfied with life, Tom?" asked Selma, looking quickly up at him.

He laid his hand tenderly over the smaller one that rested on his arm.

"Almost," he answered; "not quite."

Selma drew her hand from its resting-place.

"Why, Tom!" she exclaimed, softly; and after that neither of them spoke until they reached her home on the opposite side of the Square.

Tom went up the steps and unlocked the door for her.

"Good-night," said Selma, and holding out her hand somewhat timidly.

But Tom had had time to think, and he gave Selma's palm only an ordinary, every-day shake.

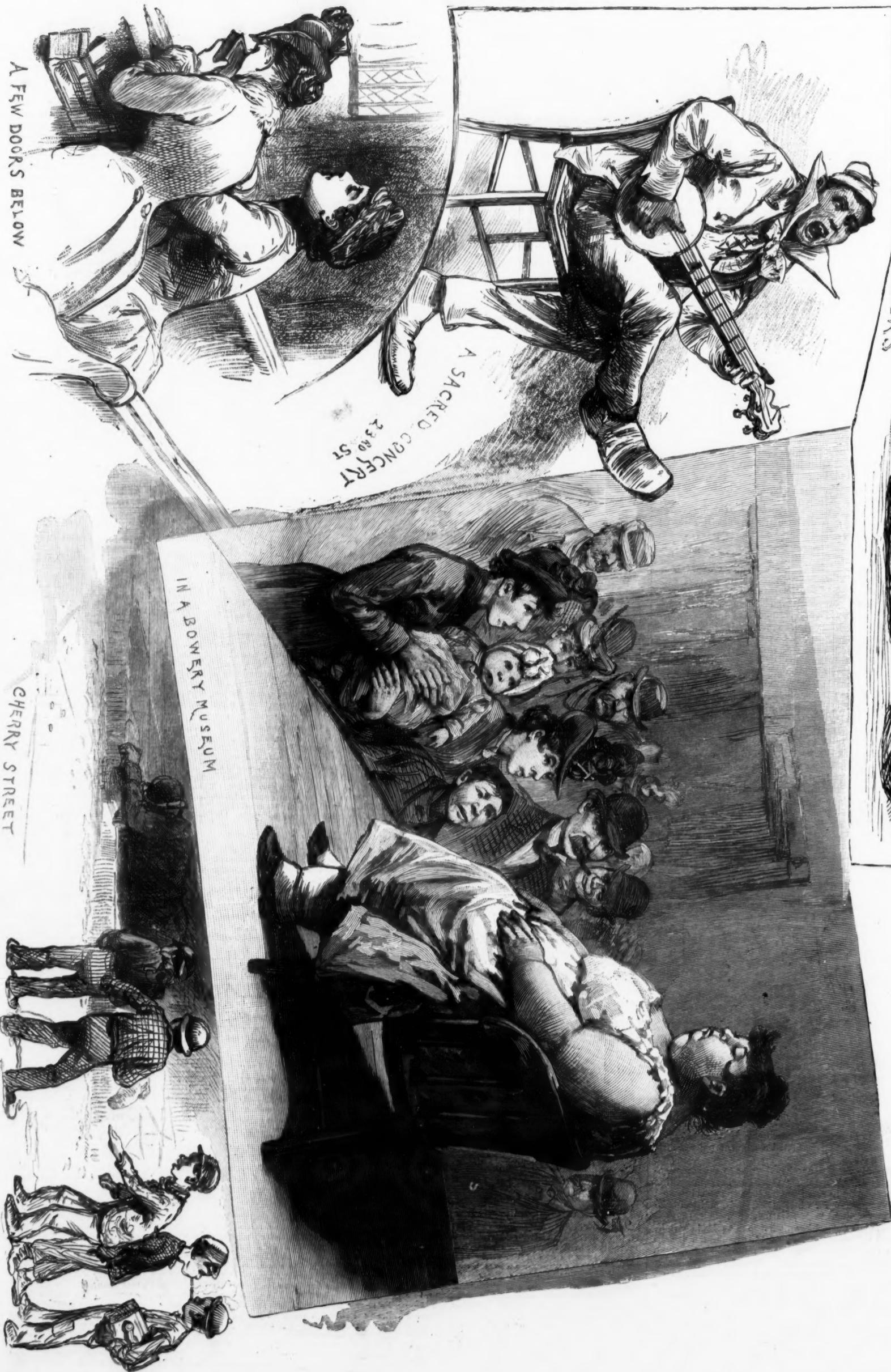
There is no use making a fool of myself and ending everything," he said to himself; "but there was a moment to-night when I was on the point of risking everything and carrying out Pursell's intention."

Selma reached her room almost breathless, and looking in her dressing-glass, she regarded her increased color and sparkling eyes with some amusement. "So I like it, do I?" she remarked to herself. "Well, I do, and I don't. I hope Tom isn't going to get sentimental and ruin everything."

And Tom didn't. At least, if sentiment lurked in his heart, he presented a noble example of self-restraint. Selma began to think she had overestimated the importance of that one tender touch.

One night Tom didn't come, but sent a note saying that his cousin, Jennie Plimpton, was visiting Miss Warburton on Eighty-seventh Street, and had asked him to call that evening. Jennie Plimpton was Tom's cousin only by marriage, and it had long been a family scheme to bring Tom and Jennie together. The next morning's post brought another note saying that he had accepted a seat for that evening in Mrs. Warburton's box at the opera, and as two or three days more went by before Tom made his appearance at the Van Vechters', Selma was lonely enough to be a little cross and unreasonable, and very suspicious that Tom had fallen a victim to his cousin's pretty face and the machinations of their united families. She was, moreover, convinced of the impropriety of their engagement. These days of separation had shown her the impossibility of continuing the present *status* of their relations. She resolved to improve the first opportunity to tell Tom that the situation was unendurable.

She received him in the music-room, where the firelight burnished up the polished floor and threw effects of dawn and sunset on the etchings. Selma herself was stately in a trailing gown of creamy



HOW SUNDAY IS KEPT IN NEW YORK CITY.—SOME STRIKING AND CHARACTERISTIC CONTRASTS.

FROM SKETCHES BY STAFF ARTISTS.—SEE PAGE 46.



For Dayber's Echo:

THE
ROMANCE OF A MAD RACE.
BY
CLARENCE MILES BOUTELLE,AUTHOR OF
"THE MAN OUTSIDE," "HIS MISSING YEARS," "OF
TWO EVILS," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XV.—(CONTINUED).

MRS. NATHAN DAYBER was a very patient woman. She proved herself that in the early days of her blind and unreasoning hope in the efficiency of her plan to warn Gerald Graeme of the truth regarding her. She allowed several days, in her mental calculations, during which she was content to have the message she had sent remain undiscovered. In reality, she allowed one day less than the time which passed before the boy discovered it.

She allowed ample time to pass for the mails to carry the pamphlet to Gerald Graeme. She allowed more than ample time for the most stupid of men to have read the message aright, and for the veriest laggard to have reached her side—ready and anxious to defend her.

And still he did not come.

The strain was terrible. You cannot imagine it. No description can do it justice. Surrounded by blank faces, by memories, by the meaningless laughter, and by a dreadful gibberish which it would have been a mockery to have dignified by the name of language, she moodily marveled how much longer she could bear it—how long it would be before she was as mad as the worst of them.

Had she been mistaken in the sort of man she had come to believe Gerald Graeme to be? She asked herself that question, or its equivalent, over and over again. Had he failed her? Would he not understand? Did he think her insane? Would he let her live out all her life here? let her die here, be the time long or short? Would he win Maude finally? Would he conquer the opposition of the spy who had lived in their household? Would he marry Maude, in due season? Would he? And would they two, sometimes, when talk ceased and when reading failed to interest, give a scanty thought or two to the memory of the woman who sent a plea for rescue through the darkness and the danger—and who found only neglect and silence? The thought was maddening. No wonder that she sometimes clasped her aching head in her hands, and paced nervously up and down her room for long hours at a time; no wonder that it was not always rescue of which she thought—no wonder that it was not always hope which sounded in her voice—when she cried aloud to the night and the starry silences: "How long, O God, how long?"

Then, again, she would be calm. She must die here, of course, but there might be many years of life for her yet, and they might not be altogether unhappy ones. She might go mad here, possibly. But what of it? Insanity had been the doom of many men and women originally as strong and good as she. Insanity had come, in many cases, under such circumstances and with such accompanying horrors of violence and crime, that forgetfulness had been a boon and death a blessing; but here, her loved ones were safe from any otherwise possible injury at her hands; here, she could do nothing in frenzy which she could afterward find a sane regret for having done; there was much of comfort in all that.

When calm, her thoughts dwelt much upon Nathan, and on his sad condition. Would Maude and Gerald be kind to Nathan? Would they watch over him tenderly? Would they shield him from the troubles and the trials he had no longer the strength to meet and overcome? Would they toil for him, early and late, denying themselves comforts, if necessary, in order that he might have luxury? If they would do all this, she would bless them—she would bless them both, although they left her to die alone in this world of madness and dementia. But if not—ah!—and she would shut her teeth sharply, and clinch her hands until her nails drank blood from her palms. She was not thinking of any possible future at Dayber's Echo—no, not that; she gave no thought to what her poor hands and brain might find to do beyond these thick walls and iron bars—in the dusty and thorny paths of this life. She was thinking of the time when she should stand, face to face with Gerald Graeme and Maude Dayber, before the judgment-throne of God!

Sometimes Mrs. Dayber doubted her own condition. Who would not? Was she sane—or was she mistaken? Had Arnold Anson been her bitter foe—or had he been Nathan Dayber's best friend? She—she was not sure—sometimes—God help her, the times increased and lengthened in which she was not sure.

She lost her appetite. She could not sleep. The power to think clearly and logically seemed growing less. Faith and hope were dwarfed and misshapen in her soul. She was not insane—oh, no; but she was walking—faltering—stumbling—down that sharp incline from mental and physical integrity which has only two endings for the one who travels its whole awful length—two endings—and the open grave the least terrible of the two!

Dr. White sat in his office, writing.

One of the attendants entered and handed him a card. The doctor glanced at it and smiled.

"Show the gentleman in," he said.

The attendant did so.

"I am glad to meet you, sir," said the doctor, rising and extending his hand; "your name is—"

He paused, inquiringly, glancing at the same time at the card he had laid upon his table.

"My name is Gerald Graeme," replied that individual.

"Dr. Gerald Graeme?" queried the physician,

a sharp emphasis on the title—possibly an emphasis not entirely free from suspicion.

Graeme laughed.

"Not yet," he said, frankly, "though I hope to be sometime. I am a medical student. I—"

He paused abruptly, and his cheeks grew ashen. A man was coming slowly up the path to the door of the great building.

The man was Dr. Arnold Anson.

CHAPTER XVI.—THE FIGHT FOR THE WOMAN.

GERALD GRAEME turned to the doctor, though it cost him an evident effort to take his gaze from the cool and collected man who was walking so slowly and so gracefully up to the famous "home for unfortunates."

He pulled a pamphlet from his pocket, a well-worn pamphlet, and one very familiar to Dr. White. He opened it hurriedly. He thrust it close to the doctor's face. He followed the words with trembling finger, while he read, in a harsh and strained voice, the suggestive conclusion of the great physician's "Report."

"In the wards for incurables in asylums for the insane!" he concluded, agitatedly. "Do you know, Dr. White, that Mrs. Nathan Dayber is an instance in point?"

The doctor answered this question by asking another.

"I presume you know, from what you have read in my little pamphlet," he said, coldly, "that I had doubts regarding her mental condition?"

"I did; indeed I did."

"Exactly. Well—I have doubts still."

"Doubts? Oh, doctor, is that all?"

"That is all."

"But your opinions—your impressions? Have they not changed at all? Are they still exactly the same as they were?"

"They have changed."

"Thank God for that. Tell me, doctor, all—"

"I will tell you all, Mr. Graeme. Once I hoped that this woman was sane, and that time would make it evident; now I think she is insane."

"You—think—she—is—insane?" cried Gerald, in great and genuine astonishment.

"I do."

"But why?"

"Because she has, in my opinion, manifested some traits which are, in the case of a lady like herself, incompatible with the idea of sanity."

"Will you tell me what they are?"

"I will, when you have convinced me that you have good and proper reasons for asking. That, I presume, will not be difficult to do. You must remember that, while I have heard your name mentioned before, you are personally a stranger to me—or were until you introduced yourself, a few minutes since."

"As a friend of the Dayber family, and a medical man—" began Gerald, but Dr. White interrupted him.

"You admitted to me that you are not a physician," he said, gravely, "and I can hardly consent to call a student of medicine a medical man. As for friendship for the family, the term is vague and indefinite; it may mean much, or little, or nothing. I should hardly be justified—"

"Possibly you may condescend enough to think it worth while to ask Mrs. Nathan Dayber whether I am her friend or not," cried Gerald, almost beside himself with rage at the doctor's provoking slowness, and with anxious forebodings regarding the turn affairs might take when that exceedingly leisurely pedestrian, Dr. Arnold Anson, should arrive.

Dr. White smiled, partly, undoubtedly, at the warmth of feeling the young man manifested, and partly at the nature of the question he had propounded.

"I shall be willing to ask Mrs. Dayber the question you have suggested," he said, quietly, "if you wish it. If she ever knew you—and I have reason to think she did—she will have some answer for the question, and probably an answer that would be useful to me, or to any medical expert. But I must warn you, in advance, that the answer may not be as satisfactory as you expect. The assertions of an insane person, her likes and dislikes, her prejudices and aversions, do not count for much with the medical fraternity; an insane woman is as likely to hate her friends and love her enemies as to do the opposite. And you must remember that Mrs. Nathan Dayber is *insane*, in the eyes of the law, whatever she may be in fact."

"At least," cried Gerald, hotly, "any individual, any man actuated by the ordinary instincts of humanity, would have a right to see that a wronged and defrauded woman was given justice. He would—"

"My dear sir," said the doctor, and his tones were icy, "I do not think you understand this matter at all. There are ways, legal ways, for investigating such cases as those to which you refer. There are ways, legal ways, for redressing wrongs of the kind at which you have hinted. If a person is friendless, the law has no negative with which to bar the way of any one who desires to be such a person's friend. These legal methods are open to you, and I beg you to avail yourself of them. Grieved though I am, I am nevertheless ready to meet all the exigencies of the first case of legal investigation which has fallen into my experience of a quarter of a century as a superintendent of an asylum for the insane. Good-morning, Mr. Graeme!"

And at that moment Dr. Arnold Anson pulled the bell-handle at the outside door.

"But, doctor," pleaded Gerald, cooled as suddenly as he had been heated, "I—I am more than a friend of the family. I am engaged to marry the daughter of Mrs. Dayber. That is—I—"

But he got no farther than that. The doctor caught him warmly by the hand.

"I congratulate you, sir," he said, cordially, "though I am not so fortunate as to be acquainted with Miss Dayber. Pray pardon my seeming

discourteous dismissal of you, and please be seated again. Why did you not tell me this at first?"

"Well, sir, you see—I—I—"

"You were too modest? Is that it? It's an excellent quality of mind, young man, though rather uncommon in this age of the world. And I—Show the gentleman in," he said, as the attendant who had admitted Gerald Graeme entered the room again, and handed Dr. White the card of Dr. Arnold Anson.

"Sir," cried Gerald, "that man is a scoundrel; he is a villain; an impostor. He is Mrs. Dayber's worst enemy. He has shut her up here in order to carry out, unhindered, certain base plans of his own. I must see you alone, sir, and Arnold Anson must wait."

"Impossible," said Dr. White to Mr. Graeme; and to the attendant, again, a little louder and more sharply than before, "Show the gentleman in!"

After that, it should be unnecessary to state that there was silence in the room during the two or three minutes which elapsed before Arnold Anson came in.

Dr. Anson entered quietly, slowly, gracefully. He walked over to where Dr. White was, took that gentleman by the hand, and said some kindly words of greeting. He turned to where Gerald Graeme sat, bowed stiffly, said simply, "Good-morning, Mr. Graeme," and held out his hand—half cordially and half hesitatingly.

But Gerald did not take Anson's hand. He refused not to see it.

The two men stood thus, the one with his hand extended, the other with his clasped hand behind him, for what seemed to the two—and to the interested on-looker—as a very long time. It was probably not more than fifteen or twenty seconds.

Then, suddenly, Anson let his hand fall to his side. He turned on his heel, and faced Dr. White with a smile.

"I expected this," he said, lightly; "for he's done the same thing before. Please bear witness, doctor, that I bear the fellow no malice."

Dr. White bowed.

"I am here on business—" began Gerald. Anson took the conversation from him.

"I am here on business, too," he said, "and I presume on business connected with the same person. May I be permitted to inquire what your business here really is?"

"I'm here to secure the release of Mrs. Dayber from this devilish prison pen," said Gerald.

"A complimentary fellow, isn't he?" asked Anson, in a laughing aside to the superintendent.

"You really ought to put Mr. Graeme's description into your next circular! May I ask you, Mr. Graeme, in whose behalf you have come? In your own—perhaps?" He finished with a peculiar rising inflection which was nothing less than a deliberate insult.

"I am here in the interests of Mrs. Dayber," replied Gerald, stiffly.

"You are very kind," sneered Anson; "yes, you are very kind, indeed. It seems almost impossible that such kindness should be entirely disinterested. You are here to try to secure her release?"

"I am here to secure her release."

"To try to secure her release," repeated Anson, completely ignoring the emphatic and positive change Gerald had made in his language; "very well. I am here, in behalf of all the other Daybers, to see that she is not released! Will you kindly tell me what steps you propose to take in your endeavor to carry out your plans?"

"I may, and I may not. I am not aware that I can be compelled—"

"Oh, certainly not," assented Anson, and waving his hand deprecatingly; "certainly not. You are under no obligations, legal or moral, to mention your purposes until you are ready to act. A man who felt himself bound by such obligations as you so distinctly disclaim would hardly have come to this place, on the errand you have here, without notifying either some member of Mrs. Dayber's family or one of the two physicians on whose certificate the unfortunate lady is confined here. It is true, it is not, that you notified no one?"

"It is true."

"Thank you. I learned, by inquiry at the railroad ticket-office, that you had started to visit this city. I assumed that you meant to visit this particular institution. I took a half-day in which to make some necessary preparations—and then I followed you. I think I shall be able to prevent you carrying out your scheme, Mr. Graeme; I shall certainly do all I can to thwart you."

"I don't doubt that. But, if there is any law or justice in this State, you will fail and I shall succeed."

"I am willing to take my chances with you in the conflict. You speak of law and justice. Let us put it to the test. You can sue out a writ of *habeas corpus*, compelling Dr. White, here, to produce Mrs. Nathan Dayber in court, and either show good reason for detaining her in custody, or set her free. I will go so far as to join with you in asking that a writ issue, though I shall regard it as a sacred duty which I owe to her family to oppose her being given her freedom. What do you say, Mr. Graeme, shall we settle the question in that way?"

Gerald hesitated. A failure in a court of law would be a terrible thing—and he might fail; he could not know, until he had seen and talked with her, how Mrs. Dayber had borne up under the horrors of her imprisonment; it might be that her nervous condition was such that the ordeal would be an unwise one to which to subject her; indeed, he shrank from deciding, even though he had had an interview, that the formality of a legal investigation would be the best form for his attempts to take. A failure at law might be final. But a failure in any less formal effort would still leave him free to try for legal redress.

"I—I should prefer a less public method of determining the matter," said Gerald Graeme.

"That is enough," said Anson; "I agree with

you. I shall not pause to inquire your reasons for wishing to avoid publicity so far as is possible; I presume they are thoroughly satisfactory *to you!* So far as I am personally concerned, I should prefer a public trial; and the greater the publicity, the better it would suit me. I feel that you have attacked not only my skill as a physician, but my honesty and purity of purpose as well; and it is only natural that I should wish the vindication I seek to be as widely known as possible. But—when I think of the relatives and friends of this most unfortunate lady—all selfish desires die out within me. Let the investigation be private; let the fact that there has been an investigation at all be kept as secret as any one wishes; I am content—and more than content."

"What plan would you suggest?" asked Dr. White.

"I feel reluctant to suggest any plan," replied Anson, with a smile, "since this investigation is Mr. Graeme's affair, and not mine. It was my judgment that Mrs. Dayber should be placed here; she is here; it is still my judgment, as well as the wish of her friends, that this should be her home. Mr. Graeme does not agree with me; it is for him to say what the investigation into Mrs. Dayber's claims to freedom shall be."

"But you had a plan in mind?"

"Yes, I did have a plan in my mind."

"Will you please state it?"

"Certainly, if Mr. Graeme will express his willingness."

"I am willing to hear your proposition, Dr. Anson," said Gerald Graeme, with a stiff bow, "since I shall be under no obligation to accept it, unless I choose."

"I'll give my plan, then, and my reasons," said Anson, turning and addressing Dr. White, "and as briefly as possible. You'll find, if you've not found already, that Mr. Graeme and myself are not friends; he'll say I am all that is bad and weak and wicked; I shall probably return the compliment—with interest. He will undoubtedly have some evidence to present; so shall I. The ideas of Mrs. Dayber, be she sane or insane, will very likely have a not unimportant bearing upon the case. Very well. I propose that you call Mrs. Dayber into this office, that you investigate the relative probabilities of the truth of Mr. Graeme's statements and mine, and that, if he shows either a sinister purpose or lack of skill on my part, you send at once for a half-dozen of the most eminent specialists in the United States, to whom the duty of making a most thorough and rigid examination into the mental condition of Mrs. Dayber shall be confided. If, on the other hand, he fails to successfully assail either my motives, my character or my skill, while I show the truth or probability of serious charges against him, it shall be considered as proved that I recommended, for honest and sufficient reasons, the incarceration of Mrs. Dayber in this asylum for the insane. That is my proposition."

"It seems fair," said Dr. White, turning to Gerald; "do you not think so?"

"I do," said Gerald, "though—though— It is to be understood, is it, that appeal may be taken?"

"Oh, certainly," promptly assented Anson; "it would be my wish to have each party reserve the right to appeal—and to either the courts or a committee of medical experts. You may rest assured that if you set Mrs. Dayber free, I shall not rest until she is back here again."</

directly opposite the picturesque and venerable front of the old St. Patrick's Cathedral; and the shining white walls of the Board of Health Building, with the Police Head-quarters over in Mulberry Street just beyond, overlooking the reeking gutters, alleys and court-yards of one of the most unsavory slums of the city, morally and physically.

Up-town, the outward Sunday appearances are pretty well kept up; but scores of jugs and tin cans, disguised with more or less success in various wrappings, are in circulation at the side-doors of the beer-shops. Of course, the saloons are not "shut up"—is there not a cloth stretched behind the bar, bearing the legend "Bar closed"?—but the *habitués* are hobnobbing as usual on the other side, and the bar-tender is as busy as on any other day. Evidently New Yorkers have learned to respect the letter of the law, and allow the spirit to take care of itself. Thus, the mere announcement of a "sacred concert" permits the regular everyday serio-comic minstrelsy to go on uninterrupted on Sunday afternoon and evening, even though within ear-shot of the worshipers in the church next door.

The artist has touched upon only a few of the many fruitful themes which the Gotham Sunday has always to offer, either to him or to his fellow-moralists of the press, the pulpit and the stage.

THE PARK CENTRAL HOTEL DISASTER, AT HARTFORD, CONN.

THE collapse of the Park Central Hotel building of Hartford, Conn., at an early hour on Monday morning of last week, causing the sacrifice of at least twenty-three human lives, was one of those horrible calamities for which a "mysterious Providence" cannot be held responsible. The building, though a pretentious one, was of the unsubstantial type that Buddensiek used to put up in New York until Sing Sing claimed him; politics prevented the examination and condemnation of the structure; and the immediate cause of its fall was the explosion of a boiler in charge of an untrustworthy engineer, who has since been arrested and held to explain a catastrophe which ought never to have happened.

The Park Central Hotel stood at High and Allyn Streets, in the centre of the business part of Hart-

THE CHARTREUSE SECRET.

The story that Pope Leo XIII. had determined to make the Carthusian monks relinquish the monopoly of the *liqueur* whose process of manufacture is a secret with them turns out to be true. The sum of \$16,000,000 was offered for the secret, but it was refused. A correspondent of the *New York Times* writes as follows concerning the monks of the Grand Chartreuse Monastery and their monopoly: "The Carthusian monks have always been secure in the protection of the French Government, no matter what its complexion might have been. Other religious Orders have been expelled from time to time, but the Chartreuse monks have never had occasion to fear the wrath of the powers that be. They annually turn in \$250,000 to the French exchequer, and the profits of their *liqueur* are distributed in charities in which they could use more than they receive. Their secret no one has ever been able to reach, although time and money have been wasted in the effort. Experiments without number have been made, but they were as futile as the search to discover the mysteries of the polar regions—the freezing presence of an iceberg being nothing to the air of chilliness with which the monks have always treated the investigator. There are, it is said, about fifty different plants used in the preparation of the *liqueur*. Each monk has his own grounds to cultivate, his own workshop to himself, and in them he pursues his daily manual occupations without conversation with any one, and alone to his self-communings.

A visit to the Grand Chartreuse many desire to pay, but none is privileged to do so. When the early monks were given the lands now occupied by the Order, Chartreuse was a desert. The place is not very cheering to-day, and the ten-mile ride to the north of Grenoble runs through dreary roads that take six hours to traverse. The monastery is seated on a height in a narrow valley, with a rugged cliff on each side. The distillery is situated lower down than the monastery, and there the preliminary work of the monks is converted into the famous *liqueur*, under the direction of a lay brother who has a large number of common laborers under his superintendence. No visitor is allowed to remain within the walls of the institution more than forty-eight hours, and ladies are never admitted and can only look on the buildings as they appear from the Convent of the Sisters

like a bazaar full of shops. Here not only the keepers of small hotels and restaurants, but the cooks of many ladies belonging to the second-class official world come to buy cold meats, pastry, sweetmeats, wines and candles. There is one sort of Tokay which can only be bought from the court servants, as none is made except for the Emperor, and it is to be presumed that the uncorked bottles of champagne and other fine wines are generally sold by the dozen, and they must form a very substantial perquisite."

THE ARTS AND SCIENCES.

It is said that collodion dissolved in alcohol and applied with a soft brush will prevent silver from becoming tarnished.

AN "inch of rain" means a gallon of water spread over a surface of nearly two square feet, or a fall of about 100 tons on an acre of ground.

POWDERED resin, according to H. Hager, is liable to spontaneous combustion, owing to oxidation by the air, and it should be kept in tightly closed tin boxes.

EXAMINATIONS in English schools go far toward proving that color-blindness is often declared to be present when really no organic defect, but only poor training in the naming and distinction of colors, is found to be the trouble.

WITHIN the Antarctic Circle there has never been found a flowering plant. In the Arctic region there are 762 kinds of flowers. Fifty of these are confined to the Arctic region. They are really polar flowers. The colors of these polar flowers are not as bright and varied as our own, most of them being white and yellow, as if borrowing these hardy hues from their snowy bergs and golden stars.

VARNISH made with alcohol will get dull and spongy by the evaporation of the alcohol, which leaves water in the varnish, as all commercial alcohol contains water. It is therefore advisable to take a thin sheet of gelatine, cut it into strips, and put it into the varnish; it will absorb in the thin sheet most of the water, and the varnish can be used clear and bright till the last drop. The gelatine will get quite soft; it can then be taken out, dried, and used again.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

CHINAMEN are being smuggled into San Francisco in large numbers.

It is now thought that an extra session of Congress will not be necessary.

THE Eiffel Tower in Paris is now about 930 feet high. The work will be completed in two weeks.

THE United States Government has five times refused to be a party to a protectorate over Samoa.

KING MILAN of Servia is said to have intimated recently his intention to abdicate in favor of his son.

MR. HUBBELL, the United States Minister to Japan, has signed a treaty of commerce, amity and navigation with that Empire.

IT is expected that a credit of \$50,000,000 will be asked by the English Government, at the coming session of Parliament, for improving naval defenses.

A TOTAL suspension of work on the Panama Canal will not occur until the middle of March. A large number of discharged laborers have left the Isthmus.

GALVESTON will celebrate its semi-centennial in June next by a big interstate drill and national military encampment. Thirty-seven thousand dollars have been subscribed for the purpose.

THE American Consul-general at the capital of Corea telegraphs that a terrible famine prevails in the southern portion of that country. People are reduced to the last extremity, and many are starving.

THE alleged conspirators in the electric-sugar frauds, Mrs. Olive E. Freund, William E. Howard, Emily Howard, Gus. Halstead and George Halstead, have been arrested in Michigan. Howard states that the company was organized for fraud.

A SUBSTITUTE for the Oklahoma Bill has been presented to the Senate, providing that the President shall appoint a commission to enter into negotiations with the Cherokee Nation in Indian Territory for the cession of their title of the land.

PRESIDENT-ELECT HARRISON has received a novel present from E. A. Augier, of Peachtree Creek, Ga. It is a cannon-shell filled with bullets picked up on the Peachtree Creek battle-field, where General Harrison had fought during the Atlanta campaign.

THE Kansas House of Representatives has received a petition from 132 of the citizens of Roosa County, mostly veterans, asking that artillery be employed at the expense of the State, "knowing from experience that heavy rains followed each battle or heavy cannonading, and believing that this fact indicates that man may produce rainfall by artificial perturbation of the atmosphere."

IT is now said that the Republicans will have a majority in the next House of Representatives of at least seven at the organization, unless some of the fifteen Republicans, who have not yet filed their certificates with the Clerk, are delinquent. The only two districts in which certificates have not been issued are in West Virginia, and the Republicans have a show of getting one of them. In this case they will have nine majority.

THE Alaska seals have paid Uncle Sam for Alaska, which cost him \$7,000,000. Since 1870 the Alaska Commercial Company has paid the Government \$5,597,100 for seals killed. The customs duty from Alaska seal-skins dressed in Europe have yielded in round numbers about \$4,000,000. By the new contract with the company the United States is to receive \$50,000 per annum for ten years and \$3.50 per head for each seal taken, the annual catch to be limited to 100,000 seals.

THE present year will witness the addition to the navy of at least five new vessels, the *Vesuvius*, *Yorktown*, *Charleston*, *Petrel* and *Baltimore*, with the possibility of the *Concord* and *Bennington* joining the number. The *Philadelphia* and *Newark* will also be launched next Summer from Cramps' yards, so that the coming Fall will see the trial of naval vessels following one upon the other in quick succession. The work on the *Concord* and *Bennington* is being pushed steadily forward, and it is expected that both vessels will be launched before July next.

THE correspondence relative to the Sackville incident was sent to Congress on February 20th. It appears from all the documents in the case that Minister Phelps suggested that the only way to get a speedy solution of the trouble brought on the Administration by Lord Sackville West was to give him his passport, and it would seem from the correspondence that Lord Salisbury did not object to that procedure. He would not recall Lord Sackville, as that would practically dismiss him from the diplomatic service of Great Britain, and he did not think the offense was grave enough to inflict such punishment. Indeed, he seems to have suggested himself that the United States Government could give Sackville his passport if they wished.

THE Pacific Railway influence has once more proved itself paramount in Congress. The Union Pacific Refunding Bill is dead in both houses, and a feasible plan of refunding the Central Pacific debt has not yet been formulated in either house. The *Philadelphia Times* comments on this state of things as follows: "While Congress proves itself unable or unwilling to act in the premises the debt of the two systems to the Government continues to grow. While this is a matter of no concern to the railway magnates, it is of serious concern to the people. It will soon be time for the sixty millions of Americans, who are popularly supposed to be supreme in the American system of government, to ask whether Congress represents them or the stockholders of a couple of land-grant railroads."

THE President has signed the Bill incorporating the Nicaragua Canal Company, and the work of building the canal has been contracted for by the Nicaragua Canal Construction Company, which will begin work as soon as it can make the necessary arrangements. The total distance from ocean to ocean at Nicaragua is 169.8 miles, of which 56½ is by lake, 84½ by river and basin navigation, leaving only 28.8 miles of actual canal. There will be six locks in all, three on the Atlantic and three on the Pacific side of Lake Nicaragua. The greatest cut through rock will be three miles long, with an average depth of 120 feet. The size of each lock will be 650 by 70 by 30 feet, thus allowing for the lockage of the largest vessels afloat, such as the *Emuria*, the *Umbria* or the *City of New York*. The estimated total cost of the work by the surveying expedition of 1885 was \$50,000,000 and \$15,000,000 for contingencies, making altogether \$65,000,000. It is said that the canal will be open for navigation by 1895.



INDIANA.—A GREAT OIL-FIRE—EIGHT THOUSAND BARRELS OF CRUDE PETROLEUM, ESCAPED FROM A PIPE-LINE, BURNED NEAR CROWN POINT.

FROM A PHOTO.—SEE PAGE 41.

ford. On the night before the accident, nearly all of the eighty-six available rooms in the main building and annex were occupied. It was about 4:50 o'clock on the morning of Monday, the 18th inst., that the guests were awakened by the floors giving away beneath them. In another instant there came a dull rumble, then a terrible explosion, and the hotel crashed down with its sleeping inmates, covering the streets for a space of fifty feet around.

The whole city was aroused. Crowds gathered, and with death by fire imminent, the unfortunate still alive in the wreck begged the helpless on-lookers to rescue them before it was too late. The Fire Department was summoned, but the flames had already burst forth, and the fight was necessarily confined to preventing their spread. For over four hours this terrible suspense was continued. Every possible effort was made to subdue the flames sufficiently to permit the rescuers to get within the boundaries of the wreck, but to no avail. It was not until nearly nine o'clock that the party of searchers, under Superintendent Lawrence of the Street Department, went to work. For nearly twenty-four consecutive hours the ghastly search went on, until it was believed that all the victims except Night-clerk Perry had been found. The total list of dead was twenty-three. Among those who perished were Rev. Dr. Perrin, a distinguished Congregationalist minister, and his wife; Andrew F. Whiting, the actuary of the Hartford Life and Annuity Company; Dwight H. Buell, a member of the Hartford Club and of the Veteran City Guard; and Max Galodv, editor of the Hartford *Herald*, with his wife. A large number of persons, including Mr. W. Ketchum, the proprietor of the hotel, and Mrs. Ketchum, were seriously injured.

The Park Central was built about fifteen years ago by Jerry Hastings. It was built by day's work, but the work was by no means thorough, as the foundation-soil was insecure, and within a short time after it was finished there were cracks and other signs of weakness. The hotel and furniture cost \$120,000. Builders declare that the structure was built upon the principle of a card-house—that is, one supporting pillar rested upon the lower one, and so on to the roof, which covered the fifth story. Thus, if only one pillar was knocked out of place, all toppled down. The addition, known as the annex, which did not fall with the main building, is a much more recent structure.

of Providence, near by. The rules of the Order have never been changed, and they are so strict that any priest or monk can be relieved of his vows to enter the Order, but a Carthusian cannot secure translation to any other organization of the Church.

"The Order of the Carthusians was founded by St. Bruno in 1084. Its founder believed that manual labor was more healthy to relieve the hours of contemplation than other unprofitable exercise. The monks are never allowed to eat meat, and fish can not be eaten except when given as alms. Eggs and cheese are their food on two days, pulse and boiled herbs on three days, and bread and water on Wednesday and Friday. One meal a day is the only allowance, except it be on feasts of the double class—and this they eat in their lonely cells. They sleep on sheetless beds, and are awakened twice during the night to recite their office. Rough hair-shirts are worn next their skin, and when they die they are laid in the grave without anything between them and the clay but the robes they wore in life. A single cross marks their graves, no name being engraved thereon. Strange to say, nearly all the monks die of old age."

THE PERQUISITES AT THE AUSTRIAN COURT.

A WRITER in the *Transcript*, of Boston, says: "Nothing except the linen, plate, china and glass is ever served twice at the tables of the Austrian court. Some of the servants have as their perquisites the bottles which have come up to the dining-room but have not been uncorked; others the uncorked bottles, and others again the wine that remains in the glasses. Therefore it is the interest of one set of servants to keep the glasses full; of another set to draw as many corks as possible while parting with as little wine as they can, and of a third set to draw corks sparingly. As regards the food, too, there are different orders of claimants for perquisites, one man having a vested interest in the joints, another in the poultry, a third in the sweet dishes, and so on. Then there are the men to whom the wax-candles belong, and these naturally make a rush to blow out the candles the moment the last guest has walked out of the room. And, incredible as this may sound, there is a basement-corridor in the palace which is

PROFESSOR MATTHEW WILLIAMS, in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, urges the manufacture of locust-paste, or potted locusts, as a delicacy for gourmands. They resemble, he says, shrimps, prawns or lobsters, but are richer and more aromatic; and a demand once created, there would be no difficulty in obtaining supplies.

ACCORDING to a correspondent of the *Electrical Review*, Mr. Edison believes the time will come when transportation through the air will be the order of things in that line. The idea that the air-ship must go up a mile or more is erroneous. If it were no higher than an ordinary building it would suffice. "When the time comes for it to be put in operation," he said, "there will be one drawback to it, and that is, the ease with which it will afford criminals to make their escape from what ever point at which their crime was committed. There will be no danger of their being intercepted by wire, as at present. It may be that the same science which will give us this sort of navigation will provide something else by which criminals who make their escape through the air will be overtaken. But this will take time. In my opinion, when we shall have aerial navigation we shall see more crime."

HITHERTO machines for felling trees have been driven by steam-power, but this is sometimes inconvenient, especially in thick woods, and electric power has recently been adopted in the Galician forests. Usually in such machines the trunk is sawed, but in this case it is drilled. When the wood is of a soft nature the drill has a sweeping motion and cuts into the trunk by means of cutting edges on its sides. The drill is actuated by an electric motor mounted on a carriage, which is brought up close to the tree and shackled to it. The motor is capable of turning round its vertical axis, and the drill is geared to it in such a manner that it can turn through an arc of a circle and make a sweeping cut into the trunk. The first cut made, the drill is advanced a few inches, and another section of the wood removed in the same way, until the trunk is half severed. It is then clamped, to keep the cut from closing, and the operation continued until it would be unsafe to go on. The remainder is finished by a hand-saw or an ax. The current is conveyed to the motor by insulated leads brought through the forest from a generator placed in some convenient site.

MAJOR LE CARON, THE BRITISH SPY.

WE are enabled to give on this page, through special art-correspondence from London, an accurate and characteristic portrait of Major Henri Le Caron, the now famous "military spy," whose evidence, given at the opening of the American part of the Parnell Commission's proceedings, some three weeks ago, proved to be one of the chief sensations of that celebrated case. Le Caron is said to be by birth an Englishman, whose real name is Beach. He has resided since 1861 in the United States, and has been intimately connected with the American "United Brotherhood," better known as the "Clan-na-Gael," the avowed object of which is the establishment of an independent Irish Republic, according to the witness, through an insurrection in Ireland. The most important portion of the witness's evidence was that in which he gave the substance of conversations which he alleged he had with Mr. Parnell, when he was visiting London in 1881. Mr. Parnell's aim in these conversations he described to be, to impress on him the necessity for a good understanding between the revolutionary and physical-force organizations and himself. Le Caron further gave a description of the projects which, he said, were mooted at the conventions of the American Brotherhood, when a "dynamite policy" had been adopted, one of them being for the rescue of Michael Davitt, then in jail in England.

Le Caron's sudden appearance before the Parnell Commission tribunal in the role of a British Government informer naturally caused a sensation among his former associates in this country; and the subsequent overhauling of his character cannot be said thus far to have developed anything particularly to his credit. His natural qualifications for the equivocal occupation he has adopted are indisputable, as not the slightest suspicion appears to have attached to him during his long and crafty career on this side of the Atlantic. His own account of his methods, as transmitted through an interview published in the London edition of the *Herald*, is as follows: "In order to successfully carry out my plans I was obliged to adopt various devices. As a physician I started drug-stores in various places. I had two in Braidwood, Ill., and one in Brace Hill, same State. Then, in order to have an excuse for traveling about the United States, I assumed the position of agent for a large wholesale drug-house, and had business cards printed bearing its name. Another device was to have my wife live in a different city from myself, it being understood that we had agreed to disagree, whereas in reality there never was the slightest trouble between us. By such devices as this I was able to move about rapidly from one place to another without exciting comment or suspicion. I practiced medicine in the State of Illinois during my residence there, and made money. A dispatch



GREAT BRITAIN.—MAJOR LE CARON, THE FENIAN INFORMER, TESTIFYING BEFORE THE PARNELL COMMISSION.
FROM A SKETCH BY W. T. PARKES.

has been received from America, and published in the London papers, to the effect that in the year 1868 I was discharged from the position as attendant physician at the Illinois State Prison for irregularities in my accounts. This statement is as utterly false as the other statement that I had been imprisoned as a mutineer during the Civil War." He appeals to State Senator C. H. Bacon, of Illinois, who knows his record, to substantiate his denial of these charges.

In person, Le Caron is described as of unusually dark complexion, his skin having a dry, drawn look, almost like parchment. "His eyes are small and set close together under a high forehead, and their sharp gaze seems to pierce straight into one. He is of very muscular build, slightly above medium height, and both in tone and gesture seemingly more like a shrewd, far-seeing Yankee than an Englishman." His moral make-up would seem to afford material for a most interesting study, as he declares that he "feels he has done his duty as a man who loves his country," and boasts of having accepted pay from both the English Government and Irish societies at the same time.

THE GERMAN HOSPITAL FAIR.

THE fair for the benefit of the German Hospital in New York city was opened in the American Institute Hall, on Monday evening of last week, in the presence of a brilliant assemblage, by Mayor Grant, with a speech by Carl Schurz. The fair continued until Tuesday night of this week, with abundant success, both as a picturesque social entertainment and a project in aid of a noble charity. The lady executive officers of the fair were: Mrs. F. Schneider, President; Mrs. R. Van Der Ende, Vice-president; Miss E. Faber and Miss I. Schwedler, Secretaries; and Mrs. P. Goepel, Treasurer. Mr. William Steinway was Chairman of the General Executive Committee, and Mr. A. B. De Frece acted as Chairman of the Committee of Arrangements.

Prior to the opening of the fair the gentlemen connected with it gave \$12,000 in cash to the fund, and the ladies, \$9,000. Mr. Steinway gave a thirteen-hundred-dollar piano, and pianos were also given by Messrs. Sohmer, Weber, Kranich & Bach, and Hardman, Peck & Co. The taste and energy of the ladies who directed the details of this great fair made it memorable for the extraordinary variety of novel attractions set forth, so that visitors not only parted with their money freely, but felt that they had received its equivalent in the manner in which they were entertained. The musical programmes were especially notable, and included, on the opening night, the grand festival march composed expressly for this occasion by Mr. Fritz Brandeis, and dedicated to the memory of Mrs. Anna Ottendorfer.



THE FAIR FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE GERMAN HOSPITAL, HELD AT THE AMERICAN INSTITUTE HALL—GENERAL VIEW FROM THE BALCONY.
FROM A SKETCH BY A STAFF ARTIST.



CONNECTICUT.—THE RECENT CATASTROPHE IN HARTFORD—A HOTEL WRECKED BY AN EXPLOSION: RECOVERING BODIES OF VICTIMS FROM THE RUINS.

FROM A PHOTO BY P. L. HALE, MANCHESTER, CONN.—SEE PAGE 47.

THE Pennsylvania Railroad Company has issued a handsome booklet entitled, "The National Capital," giving an outline of the Inaugural ceremonies and a hand-book of Washington, with useful information for visitors to the Inauguration. It has a fine map of Washington, and is packed full of facts. Copies of the pamphlet can be obtained, free of charge, at any of the offices of the Pennsylvania Railroad.

FUN.

CRADLES are never made of cheap leather. That is because customers demand more rocker.—*Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph*.

SALVATION OIL is a speedy and permanent cure for all pain. It extirpates the cause. New York city is America's metropolis; her pride is DR. BULL'S COUGH SYRUP at 25 cents.

STREET-CAR DRIVER—"Me and that of horse has been workin' for the company for twelve years now." Passenger—"That so? The company must think a great deal of you both." "Well, I dunno; last wake the two of us was taken sick, and they got a doctor for the horse, and docked me. Glad-up, that, now, Betsey."—*New York Tribune*.

HALF RATES TO WASHINGTON,
VIA PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD, ALLOWING STOP-OFF
IN BALTIMORE.

In order to afford visitors to the Inauguration all possible privileges, and at the same time give them the benefit of the very low rates which have been fixed for this occasion, the Pennsylvania Railroad Company will sell excursion tickets to Washington on February 25th, 26th, 27th, 28th, March 1st, 2d, 3d and 4th, from all stations on its system, at a single fare for the round trip. These tickets will admit of a stop-off in Baltimore in either or both directions, thus enabling passengers by this route to visit both cities. The return coupons of the excursion tickets are valid for use until and including March 7th. This rate, in view of the liberal conditions it bears and the magnificent service which the Pennsylvania Railroad affords, is the lowest ever offered under similar circumstances. For information as to the movement of regular and special trains, and for specific rates from each station, apply to ticket agents of the company.

NEWS FROM THE LEVANT.

FROM the far East comes the cheering intelligence of the beneficial effects of that wonderful reviving agent, the Compound Oxygen, manufactured by Drs. STARKEY & PALEN, No. 1320 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pa.; or 361 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, Cal.:

"Will you be so kind as to send to my address two bottles of the compound Oxygen? I think that I am benefited by the Compound Oxygen. Mrs. Farnsworth, of Cesarea, ancient Cappadocia, and Mrs. Riggs, of Antioch, near Aleppo, are also sure that they have been benefited. Please send as soon as possible."—J. G. BLISS, Levant Agency, Bible House, Constantinople, February 8th, 1887."

For further information direct as above for their interesting brochure, which will be sent free by mail.

An elevated railway brakeman—One who is on a spree.—*Chicago Tribune*.

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AFTER a sleepless night, use ANGOSTURA BITTERS to tone up your system. All Druggists.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria, When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria, When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria, When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

HOUBIGANT FIRST-CLASS PERFUMER.
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I Cannot Find any other medicine that does me so much good as Dr. Seth Arnold's COUGH KILLER.
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GRATEFUL-COMFORTING.

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MADE WITH BOILING MILK.

Golden Hair Wash
This preparation, free from all objectionable qualities, will, after a few applications, turn the hair that Golden Color or Sunny Hue so universally sought after and admired. The best in the world, \$1 per bottle; six for \$6. R. T. BELLCHAMBERS, Importer of fine Human Hair Goods, 317 SIXTH AVENUE, NEW YORK.

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CUTICURA, the great Skin Cure, and CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite Skin Beautifier, prepared from it, externally, and CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new Blood Purifier, internally, cure every form of skin and blood disease, from pimples to scrofula.

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Over 25 Pounds Gain in Ten Weeks.
Experience of a Prominent Citizen.

THE CALIFORNIA SOCIETY FOR THE SUPPRESSION OF VICE.
SAN FRANCISCO, July 7th, 1886.

I took a severe cold upon my chest and lungs and did not give it proper attention; it developed into bronchitis, and in the fall of the same year I was threatened with consumption. Physicians ordered me to a more congenial climate, and I came to San Francisco. Soon after my arrival I commenced taking Scott's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil with Hypophosphites regularly three times a day. In ten weeks my avoirdupois went from 155 to 180 pounds and over; the cough meantime ceased. C. R. BENNETT.

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Sick Headache and relieve all the troubles incident to a bilious state of the system, such as Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Distress after eating, Pain in the Side, &c. While their most remarkable success has been shown in curing

SICK HEAD

Ache they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint; but fortunately their goodness does not end here, and those who once try them will find these little pills valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all sick head

ACHE

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Carter's Little Liver Pills are very small and very easy to take. One or two pills make a dose. They are strictly vegetable and do not gripe or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them. In vials at 25 cents; five for \$1. Sold by druggists everywhere, or sent by mail.

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immediately the keen edge of appetite, restoring long-lost complexion, and rousing the whole human frame to renewed health and energy.

Beecham's Pills are now being introduced into the United States through their agents, Messrs. B. F. ALLEN & CO., 365 & 367 Canal Street, N. Y., who, if your druggist does not keep them, will mail you a sample box on receipt of 25 cents.

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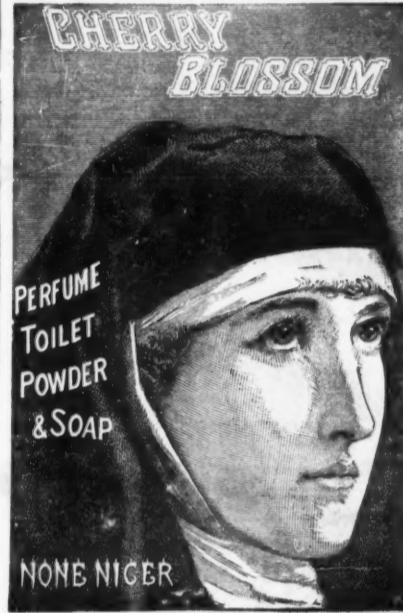
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In the High Court of Justice.—*Gosnell v. Durrant.*—

On Jan. 28, 1887, Mr. Justice Chitty granted a Perpetual Injunction with costs restraining Mr. George Reynolds Durrant from infringing Messrs. John Gosnell & Co.'s Registered Trade Mark CHERRY BLOSSOM.

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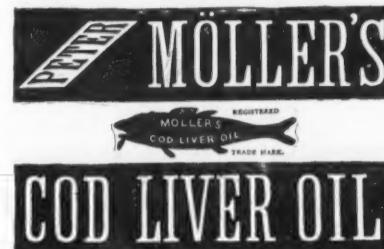
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LADY Agents \$10 a day sure; new rubber under-garment. Mrs. H. F. LITTLE, Chicago, Ill.

Pianos STECK Pianos

Most reliable for Fine Tone, Finish, and Absolute Durability.
Warerooms: STECK HALL, 11 E. 14th STREET, NEW YORK.



To Dr. Pillbags, Patrick came

With a most woful face;
Says he, "Dear Docther, phat's your name,
Will you plaze trate my case?"

The doctor looked him in the eye.

His tongue he made him show:
Said he, "My man, you're going to die;
You've got tic-doulourex."

"My faith," says Pat, "phat's that you say?
I've got 'tick-dollar,' oh!
Yez lyin' thafe, I always pay
Your bill before I go."

"I'll have no more to do wid yez;
I'll docther my own case;"
He took a dose of P. P. P. P.'s,
And wears a brighter face."

These letters stand for Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets, which, for Torpid Liver, Constipation, and all derangements of the stomach and bowels, are unequalled. One tiny, Sugar-coated Pellet a Dose. Smallest, cheapest, easiest to take. Purely Vegetable, Perfectly Harmless. 25 cents, by druggists.

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For "run-down," debilitated and overworked women, Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the best of all restorative tonics. It is a potent Specific for all those Chronic Weaknesses and Diseases peculiar to Women; a powerful, invigorating, restorative tonic and nervine, it imparts new vigor and strength to the whole system.

"Favorite Prescription" is the only medicine for women, sold by druggists, under guarantee has been printed on the bottle-wrappers, and faithfully carried out for many years.

SODEN MINERAL PASTILLES

PREPARED FROM THE SODEN in the TAUNUS, under the supervision and control of W. Stoelitzing, M.D., Member of the Royal Board of Health.

They are to be used with great benefit in all Chronic Catarrhs of the Throat, Larynx and Lungs.

By their action the mucus is dissolved, quiet and ease obtained; owing to their rare advantages they alleviate an often very trying cough and then bring about the longed-for recovery. Their influence has been exceedingly beneficial in cases of

the different CATARRHS OF CONSUMPTIVES, the Chronic Catarrhs of the STOMACH and INTESTINES, Constipation, Hemorrhoids, Enlargement of the Liver, and other Abdominal Complaints

requiring a mild, laxative and stimulating treatment.

DIPHTHERIA can be prevented by the use of SODEN MINERAL PASTILLES, as it has been demonstrated that the spores of the disease settle in throats affected by Catarrh and the tormenting

Singers, Speakers, Preachers, Lawyers, Teachers, and all whose avocation requires continual use of their voice, will experience gratifying relief by using these Pastilles.

The most renowned Medical Authorities recommend and prescribe them.

At the International Exhibition at Brussels the SODEN MINERAL PASTILLES were awarded THE HIGHEST DISTINCTION, SILVER MEDAL, by a jury of medical men.

For sale by all Druggists at 50 cents a box.

Sole Agency for the United States,

Soden Mineral Springs Company, Limited, 15 Cedar Street, New York.

\$300 CASH! To Secure New Agents, \$25 in cash will be paid to the first person who sends ten sets of silver or stamps, for all of this XX lot, 50 New Popular Songs, Great \$600 Prize Puzzles, 50 Prize Riddles, Liebig's Goldometer, The 7th Book of Moses, Chinese Art of Catching Fish, The Star Puzzle, Chinese Puzzles, Fortune Telling, Great 13 Puzzles, 12 Picture Puzzles, and 78 New Fancy Word Patterns, \$10 for second order, \$5 for 3d order, and for next \$20 orders \$2 each, and for next 100 orders \$1 each, cash. For the 1,000th order we will pay \$100 cash, only one cash payment for each order. Order as many lots as we want, and get a lot given us sent to winners May 1st. Mention this paper. Address, WORLD MFG. CO., 122 Nassau St., N. Y.



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OLD DEMOCRATIC PARTY (sadly)—"When shall we two meet again?"

RHEUMATISM CURED.

Robert G. Eldert, Valley Stream, N. Y., writes:

I am a boatman, and upwards of sixty years of age. I have suffered severely from rheumatism of the lower part of my back. My back ached without cessation, and at times I thought I would be paralyzed. I procured two ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS, and put them across the lower part of my spine. In twenty-four hours all pain had ceased. At the end of a week I put on two fresh ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS, wore them ten days, then took them off, and washed my back with a little alcohol, which removed every trace of the plasters. It is now three months since the plasters cured me, and I feel very much stronger and better than ever before."

Beware of imitations, and do not be deceived by misrepresentation. Ask for ALLCOCK'S, and let no explanation or solicitation induce you to accept a substitute.

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Breakfast Cocoa.

Warranted absolutely pure
Cocoa, from which the excess of
Oil has been removed. It has more
than three times the strength
of Cocoa mixed with Starch, Arrow-
root or Sugar, and is therefore far
more economical, costing less than
one cent a cup. It is delicious,
nourishing, strengthening, easily di-
gested, and admirably adapted for in-
valids as well as for persons in health.

Sold by Grocers everywhere.

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ELY'S CREAM BALM
CATARRH CURES COLD
HEAD HAY-FEVER
DRYNESS ETC.
PRICE 50 CENTS
ELY BROS.
NEW YORK
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CATARRH
BY USING
v's Cream Balm.
Apply Balm into each nostril.
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"Faith, they say Sapolio makes labor aisy. I
wish I'd some of it wid me now."

SAPOLIO

Lightens all kinds of labor in cleaning, but it won't
wash clothes or split wood.

Sapolio is a solid, handsome cake of house-cleaning
soap, which has no equal for all scouring purposes except
the laundry. To use it is to value it. What will Sapolio
do? Why, it will clean paint, make oil-cloths bright, and
give the doors, tables and shelves a new appearance. It
will take the grease off the dishes and cutlery, and
make the tin things shiny. The wash-basin, the
bath-tub, even the greasy kitchen-sink will be as clean as
a new pin if you use Sapolio. One cake will prove all we
say. Be a clever housekeeper and try it. Beware of imita-
tions. There is but one Sapolio. No. 22.

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EXTRACT of MEAT

Finest and Cheapest Meat Flavoring Stock for
Soups, Made Dishes and Sauces. As Beef Tea, "an
invaluable tonic." Annual sale, 8,000,000 jars.



Genuine only with fac-simile of Justus von
Liebig's signature in blue across label.

Sold by Storekeepers, Grocers and Druggists.

LIEBIG'S EXTRACT OF MEAT CO., L'td, London.

YUCCA

Young Men who are becoming prematurely bald,
and who have used numerous so-called hair restora-
tives without success, need not despair. Yucca will,
by continuous application for a short period of time,
cause the hair to grow wherever it has previously
grown. One bottle

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YUCCA has just been introduced to the trade, and
you can probably buy it at the nearest Druggist. If
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The Ball-Pointed Pens never scratch nor
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Price \$1.20 and \$1.50 per gross.

Buy an assorted box for 25 cents, and choose
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Price 5, 15 and 20 cents. Of all stationers.

ORMISTON & GLASS
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CHAMPAGNE.

Case of 1 dozen bottles, \$30 net.

Case of 2 doz. 1/2 bottles, \$32 net.

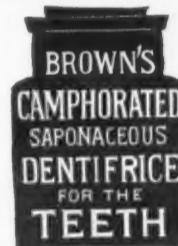
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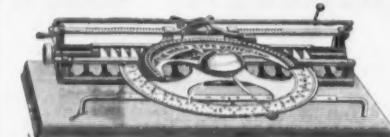
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Beware of imitations, and do not be deceived by misrepresentation. Ask for **Allcock's**, and let no explanation or solicitation induce you to accept a substitute.



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BAKER'S

Breakfast Cocoa.

Warranted *absolutely pure* *Cocoa*, from which the excess of Oil has been removed. It has more than three times the strength of Cocoa mixed with Starch, Arrow-root or Sugar, and is therefore far more economical, costing less than one cent a cup. It is delicious, nourishing, strengthening, easily digested, and admirably adapted for invalids as well as for persons in health.

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Time, Pain, Trouble,
and will CURE

CATARRH
BY USING
Ely's Cream Balm.

Apply Balm into each nostril.

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Lightens all kinds of labor in cleaning, but it won't wash clothes or split wood.

Sapolio is a solid, handsome cake of house-cleaning soap, which has no equal for all scouring purposes except the laundry. To use it is to value it. What will Sapolio do? Why, it will clean paint, make oil-cloths bright, and give the doors, tables and shelves a new appearance. It will take the grease off the dishes and off the pots and pans. You can scour the knives and forks with it, and make the tin things shine brightly. The was-basin in the bath-tub over the wash-kitchen-sink will be as clean as a new pin if you use Sapolio. One cake will prove all we say. Be a clever housekeeper and try it. Beware of imitations. There is but one Sapolio. No. 22.

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One bottle **FOR THE HAIR** since you will

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Bertoin "Sec" CHAMPAGNE.

Case of 1 dozen bottles, \$30 net.

Case of 2 doz. $\frac{1}{2}$ bottles, \$32 net.

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